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Voices of Nature.

"To him, who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."
—*Thanatopsis.*

The rivers running to the sea
Are ever singing unto me:
"Rejoice, sweetheart."

The winds that softly o'er me blow
Are whispering ever soft and low:
"Be glad, sweetheart."

The mountains that above me tower
Say always when the storm clouds lower,
"Be brave, sweetheart."

From all the valleys comes the song,
Like fairy music borne along,
"Be true, sweetheart."
—*Annie Francis Baker.*

Doubt.

The wild rose blooms for the sun of June,
The tide ebbs slowly out;
I hear in the dreamy afternoon
The far-off fisher's shout.

The sand lies gray and the sea leaps blue,
The tide ebbs slowly out;
O lover mine, who called to you,
That you left me here to doubt!

The white gull's wing sweeps the whiter foam,
The tide ebbs slowly out;
'Tis not your white sail, yearning home
To put my fears to rout!

The rose may blush and the sun may shine,
The tide ebbs slowly out;
The world is good if you are mine,
Ashes and dust without!
—*Celia Thaxter.*

A RED MITTEN.

CHAPTER I.

It was the afternoon of a clear, sharp January day of 1861, and the company numbered fully two hundred; there were men and women, boys and girls, flying and circling about, in masses, singly, by dozens and by twos and threes over the frozen surface of the beautiful Silver lake in Rocktlale, a suburb of the flourishing city of B—.

Among the crowd were many lads and lasses who imagined they were fond of skating, and who came to Silver lake for no other reason. It was singular, too, to note how much more gracefully the "outward roll," backward or forward, can be accomplished by joining hands or being linked together by a walking-stick. These sticks, in some instances, proved no non-conductors to the sympathetic thrill that pervaded the magnets at either end.

The positive and negative conditions were fully realized in the case of brawny John Horton and rosy-cheeked Abbie Latham, the daughter of the 'squire. She, with her plump, comely figure, and fresh, handsome face, lit up by a pair of laughing blue eyes, could have led awkward John, on or off skates, anywhere, with an apron string or a thread for a conductor. Not so with John. He could lead her nowhere; and the more the girl could balk and tantalize him the more she seemed to enjoy the skating and his company. Many a ludicrous figure he cut, and many an awkward fall he endured by her sudden and unaccountable turns and shiftings, and her mirth and glee were at the highest at John's repeated failures to follow her difficult and tortuous windings. John was overgrown and massive, his twenty years of existence not having yet served to properly knit together and round out the proportions of his frame. She was lithe and quick, and as graceful as she was skillful in the use of skates.

Apart from the throng this afternoon John espied a little red mitten lying on the ice, where it had been dropped by some one of the numerous children. Miss Abbie saw it, too, and, as John, by one of his graceful movements essayed to stoop and capture the article, she refused to release his hand; but, just as he bent forward, she gave a wicked pull, and John, unbalanced, was sent sprawling a rod or two beyond. A peal of silvery laughter was her sympathetic comment, as, with a graceful curve, she turned and caught the tiny thing in her hand.

John blushed at his awkwardness, and held out his hand to receive the mitten.

But the captor only held it before him, and gently moved away.

"Won't you give it to me?" he asked. "I will find the owner."

"I can find the owner more easily than you. I can't trust you; you would fall and crush the poor thing in trying to deliver it." And she saucily laughed again.

"You made me fall," said John, in a grieved tone. "You are always doing these things. If I skated more and studied less I'd soon be as much an adept as your friend Joe Staples, whom you are always praising."

"You? Ha, ha, ha! As graceful as Joe Staples!" and the hilarity of the young maiden made John Horton's sluggish blood course through his veins till his face was as red as the scarlet kerchief that encircled his neck.

All the rest of that afternoon John was gloomy and silent. He moved around mechanically, or rather automatically, and his companion concluded to serve no more tricks upon him.

The sport finished, the two wended their way to the house of Mr. Latham, John's fair companion failing to rally him into anything like conversation. He answered her only in monosyllables, and seemed morose and preoccupied.

As he was about to take his leave, John said, seriously and a little sarcastically: "Abbie, I'm going back to college to-morrow, and I hope you will enjoy the rest of the skating season in companionship more graceful than mine."

"I hope I shall," replied she in the same tone. "You must feel bad about something; perhaps it's the mitten: you had better take it, no, not now—I won't give it up. If I ever think enough of you to surrender it, I'll send it to you by express."

And then she smiled on John, with rare sweetness, but John had seen that smile before, and felt she was only mocking him. So with a solemn good-night he buttoned his coat close to his chin, and with hands resolutely thrust into his pockets turned homeward, resolved to waste no more time with skating girls, who judged young men by the dexterity they exhibited in handling their heels.

CHAPTER II.

Among the earliest volunteer regiments that left for the seat of war in the summer of 1861 was the —th Massachusetts, with Lieutenant John Horton as an officer of company B. Like hundreds of others he abandoned his books for the sword, and had passed nights and days in study and drill to fit himself for his new position. Horton enjoyed the reputation among his fellows of being rather an anchorite. He was reticent, sometimes gloomy, and, although he performed his duties acceptably, he had thus far failed to show any distinguishing qualities for a military career. He joined in few of the camp pleasures, and when not on duty, reading or studying, was sure to be seen in abstract thought, walking about the streets of the camp, or in the region of country immediately around. Christmas and New Year in camp formed one of the brightest seasons to the hardworked soldier in the years of the rebellion. Though the quantity of useful and useless articles dispatched from home was at all times great, the bulk of contributions arriving at this festive season sorely tried the carrying capacity of all engaged in supplying the army at the front. And the occasions of opening the boxes and bundles among both officers and privates were both interesting and exciting. The officers of the —th had arranged to have an "opening" in the colonel's quarters, and thither all who were not on duty repaired. The evening was of course most enjoyable, for nearly every one had received from home some gift or token to remind him of a mother, sister or sweetheart, sometimes of all three. Horton was present, cool, gloomy and indifferent. He did not expect any present. His family was scattered, and many of those nearest to him to whose loving sympathy he would naturally turn at this time had passed away. He did not feel in a sympathetic or sentimental mood, and yet no particle of envy entered his mind in witnessing the enjoyment of others. As the major held up a small paper box, however, and called out "Lieutenant John W. Horton," the latter started and felt his face aglow in an instant. He took the parcel, and in spite of entreaties in which not a few jokes were cracked at his expense, placed it in his pocket till the conclusion of the festivities, when he retired to the comfortable quarters he shared with Lieutenant Carter.

Lieutenant Horton was puzzled and curious. After divesting himself of his overcoat he sat down, placed the box on the table, lighted the solacing dudeen, determined to approach and unravel the mystery as became a philosopher. Carter got decidedly impatient before even the outer wrappings were removed, as Horton conducted proceedings with a weighty deliberation. At last Horton shook from the box a little red mitten snugly wrapped in a piece of white tissue paper. No note of explanation appeared, and Horton met his companion's gaze with a look in which were pictured at least half a dozen of the emotions that affect the human mind, the principal one being surprise.

CHAPTER III.

For the next three evenings our hero was engaged in writing letters—or rather a letter—for no sooner was each one completed than it was torn in pieces and burned. Horton felt himself in a tight fix and hoped the enemy would make a demonstration on the camp, that he might get out of it. He had rather face a hundred cannon than undertake to acknowledge the reception of that mitten. He knew that he had loved Miss Latham, but his big, sensitive soul had been terribly lacerated by her apparently heartless behavior, and he had concluded to become indifferent, not only to her but to all womankind. This might be another of her heartless tricks, but when Jack recalled her words, "If I ever think enough of you to surrender it, I'll send it to you," he felt the little witch did entertain some little regard for him. Still, as she had vouchsafed no kind of message with the surrender of the mitten, he was at a loss how to act. Write he could not. "If I asked Carter's advice," he reasoned, "he would only laugh at me. Why can't those plaguey women let a fellow alone, anyway?" he muttered to himself. "I was trying to forget her—and now she has opened all my wounds afresh. She did it to tantalize me, but I'll show the flirt and the whole sex that I can't be tantalized." And then Jack took from his inner pocket an envelope, out of which he fished a little red object, on which he gazed for a few moments as a naturalist might gaze upon a newly-discovered insect, with mingled curiosity and tenderness. The soldier sighed as he replaced the trifle, and going to the door of his tent gazed out into the darkness.

As Jack stood gazing into the darkness a suggestion of flashes lit up the gloom, and the sharp report of small-arms broke the stillness. "Hello! here's for fun!" exclaimed Jack, as he rushed for his accouterments. The long roll called the men into line, and in a few moments the regiment was prepared to receive the enemy. Being one of the officers at hand, Lieutenant Horton was ordered by the colonel to go forward with a detail of men and ascertain the true state of affairs. The pickets were retreating, the firing being answered by stray shots from the enemy; no judgment of affairs. The pickets were retreating, the firing being answered by stray shots from the enemy; no judgment of their numbers could be formed, but the panic-stricken pickets reported them to be 10,000 strong at least. Horton determined to keep cool and ascertain for himself the number of the enemy. He had had little experience of fighting as yet, and his position was by no means a pleasant one. In this maneuver his excellent judgment was proved, for after studying the situation as long as it was prudent he hastened to the colonel and informed him that they consisted of not more than a regiment of infantry, moving directly for the camp.

A hot skirmish ensued, the fight lasting for an hour or two. The demonstration closed with the retreat of the enemy, on whose heels, Lieutenant Horton, whose fighting blood was up, hung with a tenacity that astonished his brother officers. But Jack, fired by his success, rashly pushed too far ahead, and was laid low by a bullet through the shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack Horton was the hero of that fight, and was mentioned in the commander's report for his coolness, correct judgment and unflinching bravery. It needed just such an occasion as this to bring out what was in the man, but Jack was modest and didn't presume he had done more than he ought. His wound was a painful one, and in a few days he was on his way to Rockdale, where the reports of his achievements had preceded him. Jack couldn't help feeling a little curious about how Miss Abbie would greet him if he chanced to meet her. He hadn't the remotest idea of calling on her, however. His time was his country's and his leisure moments were passed, even in those invalid days, in the study of military tactics. He did not want to be made a lion of; did not pretend to resemble that noble animal in the least. So he stayed at home and studied his books.

Just before his return to the army he attended a fair at Rockdale in aid of the soldiers. The young ladies were the principal attractions at this, as at all fairs; and among the young ladies none were more attractive than Miss Abbie Latham. She drove a remarkably successful business at the flower stand, one of her principal patrons being Mr. Joseph Staples, who purchased at least half her stock and distributed it with a lavish hand. He had not gone to war, but had at least, and without compulsion, hired a substitute. His patriotism was ardent, as he assured Miss Abbie, but there were other attractions nearer home.

Certainly, Lieutenant Horton could but pay his respects to Miss Abbie. His face was paler and his form had become more trim and manly than when she last saw him. His features, Abbie noticed, bore an expression of sadness and suffering; he moved without awkwardness, and all the young ladies declared him to be the handsomest soldier in the hall. He won the sword that was voted for on this occasion, as he deserved to. Jack's heart throbbed a little as he met the gaze of the young lady; but if he felt any emotion it must have been slight; she was very busy with her customers, and especially with her wholesale patron, Mr. Staples, yet, as the lieutenant bade her good-evening and turned away he saw her eyes drop and a faint flush steal over her cheeks. For two old friends so long separated the meeting was decidedly cold and formal, and Jack was chilled to the marrow.

In the stirring events of the next two years Horton bore his full share—at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, down to Cold Harbor, where at the head of his regiment he fell desperately wounded in the terrible and unsuccessful assault on that stronghold.

He was conveyed to the hospital at Washington in a seemingly hopeless condition, with several wounds, each of which was dangerous. The nurses moved among the wounded men like angels of mercy. Some of the soldiers lay in a stupor, some were raving in delirium and others dying in agony. For days Horton's life hung on a thread, his fevered brain mercifully rendering him unconscious of suffering. As he awoke one morning a soft and gentle hand was soothing his brow, when the dampness indicated that the fever was broken. He tried to open his eyes but was too weak; speak he could not; and many hours passed before he could discern what was around him. Since the night of the Cold Harbor fight his life had been a blank. He remembered nothing. And now he saw before him the physician, and the nurse with a sweet, pale face, that looked familiar, but he could not recall the name of its owner. Again trying to speak, the surgeon whispered, "Keep perfectly quiet and all will be well," and the female attendant at his motion withdrew.

The next morning his dim vision discerned the same pale and anxious face; and a gleam of wondering inquiry passed over his countenance as he gazed upon her. At last he feebly whispered, "Where am I?"

"In the hospital, and with friends," she gently answered.

He would have spoken more, but she withdrew. The next day he was stronger, and he asked, "Where have I seen you?" At a sign from the physician the nurse answered:

"At your old home. Don't you know me? I am Abbie Latham. You are getting better now, and will soon be well."

Jack was strong enough to begin to collect his thoughts, which were, of course, at once concentrated on his nurse. He improved wonderfully under her care, and one bright morning occurred the last conversation we shall record in this romantic sketch.

Miss Latham was sitting by the side of his cot, arranging a bouquet. The wounded man had begun to feel like his old self, and permission was given him to converse all he desired.

"How long have you been in the hospital, Abbie?"

"More than a year," she replied, in a sweet, womanly voice.

Jack thought he had never beheld a fairer creature. If she was beautiful as a girl, the scenes she had witnessed had touched and chastened all that was lovable and womanly.

"You have saved my life," said Jack, his eyes filling with tears.

"No, no. Your strength has triumphed. I have done what little I could. Oh, you were so terribly hurt! And here her eyes filled, and her bosom heaved as she took his hand and gently pushed the brown curling locks away from his forehead.

Jack had never felt so happy before in his life, despite the solemn character of the conversation.

"I can never repay you, Abbie. I'm only sorry for that. But if I dared hope—"

"Perhaps you can, Jack," she replied, with the sweetest and most confiding smile. "I found something in your inner vest pocket which has paid me already." And she took from a blood-stained envelope the little red mitten.

"Then you knew by that token that I had loved—at least, had never forgotten you," said Jack, a little confused.

"Yes; and if my woman's sense had not told me, your talk in delirium would have proved it."

Jack mentally thanked heaven that he had been crazy.

"But, Jack, why didn't you answer my letter? It was cruel of you."

"Your letter?"

"Yes; the one I sent by post to apprise you of my present. Mr. Staples took it to the office."

"And I never received it! Do you suppose that fellow was mean enough—"

"No, dear Jack, don't get excited. Let us suppose nothing. All's well that ends well."

The little red mitten is a treasured relic in the Horton family, and it has been a wonderful question to several cherubs that gladden the household why mamma has never knit a mate for it.

A Poem Written on a Grain of Rice.

A Chinese teacher in the colony has just presented quite a curiosity to the city hall museum. Many of our readers have doubtless seen specimens of printing compressed within very small limits, such for instance as the whole of the Lord's prayer contained within a circle the size of a finger ring. This, however, is not a specimen of minute typography but of caligraphy, for it consists of a stanza of poetry, composed by the teacher himself, which contains thirty-three distinct and well formed Chinese characters written out in the full style without any contractions, though the most complicated characters are not introduced into this liliputian poem. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that the whole of these thirty-three characters are inscribed on one grain of unhulled rice. It is only another instance of the patient toil which a Chinaman will spend over apparently unremunerative work. —*Overland China Mail.*

According to a recent return there are eighty-eight convents, with 2,020 nuns and 546 monks in Switzerland. The property of these foundations is estimated as being worth $4,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It has been estimated that there are about 6,000 species of birds, of which five-sixths are known. The Coues list of North American birds now embraces 888 species, 120 new species having been added during the last eight years.

It is well known that a constant succession of sound-waves excites vibrations in the wires of suspension bridges and they increase in force with the continuance of the cause. For this reason soldiers marching over these bridges are required to break step and bands of music are not allowed to play on them.

Mr. Holman Hunt was once sharply criticised for painting a rainbow of one color—red. Two such rainbows are described in a recent number of *Nature*, as having been seen, and a third which showed only orange and red. In the Dresden gallery there is in the copy of Raphael's Madonna di Foligno a semi-circular rainbow which is red and yellow.

It is estimated by Professor Brewer, of Yale college, that there may be 800 species of wood plants growing native in the United States, of which about 300 attain a height of thirty feet and about 250 are tolerably abundant somewhere. Excluding semi-tropical species on the extreme southern border, and some others that are rare, there would still remain about 120 species, of which about twenty grow to 100 feet, twelve to 200 and five or six to 300 feet or over. Of these 120 about fifty are conifers.

Professor Reinsch, in a lecture lately delivered, gave the results of his researches regarding the manner in which coal had been formed. He had examined with the microscope not less than 2,500 sections of coal, and had come to the conclusion that coal had not been formed by the alteration of accumulated land plants, but that it consisted of microscopic forms of a lower order of protaplasm, and although he had carefully examined the cells and other remains of plants of a higher order, he computed that they have contributed only a fraction of the mass of coal veins, however numerous they may have been in some instances. He referred to the fact that Dr. Muck, of Bochum, held that algæ have mainly contributed to the formation of ooal, and that marine plants were rarely found in coal because of their tendency to decompose, and that calcareous remains of mollusks disappeared on account of the rapid formation of carbonic acid during the process of carbonization.

The Alligator Industry.

The business of killing and catching alligators gives occupation to many persons in the South. According to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the hide of a large alligator is worth from one to two dollars. It is almost a day's task to skin a large one. Alligator oil has quite a reputation as a remedy for rheumatism. It has, however, a most unpleasant smell, unless properly treated. Many fishermen have been known to eat portions of the meat, that of the tail being said, when cooked, to have much the appearance of veal and to taste something like pork. Quite a lucrative business is that of capturing alligators alive to send away for exhibition. Colonel Williams, when Spanish Fort was made a summer resort, made a contract with a fisherman to fill the hole known as the alligator pond for him, and in the course of a couple of weeks he had it stocked with thirty or forty, ranging in length from six inches to seven or eight feet. The man who caught them showed no fear in handling the huge reptiles. With a companion he would capture and bring into camp an alligator sixteen feet long.

The manner of accomplishing this feat was, as he explained, quite simple. The old are savage and will fight for their young, and this fact is taken advantage of. Some of the young are caught out of the spot in which the old one is lying, and a stout noosed rope is then placed where to emerge she must thrust her head through it. When all is ready the young are allowed to cry out, and the old one thrusts out her head to have her head caught in the noose. She is dragged around in the water until pretty well choked, when another noose is secured to her tail, and she is firmly strapped, stomach downward, on a wide board, which she cannot break, as her powerful muscles in the tail act only in a lateral direction. Her head is then fastened to the boat, the noose about her neck is removed and she is towed away after her young have been placed in the skiff.

Young ones are bought by dealers for from $2 to $4 a dozen, if not over a foot in length. When they sell them they get a much higher price, as they are hard to preserve alive. The large ones are sold differently, there being an increase in price of 50 cents to $1 for every additional foot over a certain length. Alligators sixteen or eighteen inches long are frequently found by the dozens in shallow water, and can be handled without trouble, providing the old one, who is generally near, does not take alarm. Most alligator-fishers are usually turtle-hunters also, and search along the shores of bayous and lagoons for the holes of the animals. When the hole is discovered it is explored with a long pole with a big hook set in the end, and if the unfortunate resident is at home he is promptly dragged out in spite of his struggles and quickly appears in market. The eye of a young alligator is a queer and pretty sight, having the fire and appearance of an opal of a similar size.

A Husband's Present.

A gentleman sauntered into a large dry goods store in the city of L—— a few days before Christmas, and remarked casually to the attentive clerk: "I want something for a Christmas present for my wife. What have you got?"

The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied.

At last he asked, "Have you cotton cloth?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I need some new shirts. How much cloth does it take for a shirt?"

"About four yards."

"Well, let's see. I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty-two. I'll take thirty-two yards."

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can better be imagined than described. —*Harper's Magazine.*

About 3,000,000 sheep skins and about twice as many goat skins are annually shipped from India to the United States.

Chinese Theatricals.

It is considered a benevolent act and one highly pleasing to Heaven for a Chinaman to give a public theatrical performance; and wealthy men who are ambitious, and who cater for popularity, often expend considerable sums in this way.

In Chefoo a rich Chinaman living in our neighborhood, who had of late years been very successful in his commercial speculations and had recently obtained by purchase the rank of a high-class mandarin and the privilege of wearing an opaque blue button on the top of his official hat, gave an extensive thanksgiving performance in public, to which we were invited. He selected a large open space close to his own residence and there had a stage erected, opposite to which a large temporary box was constructed for the use of himself and his friends.

On our arrival at the place our host came forward and received us with that formal politeness which is observable amongst the Chinese better classes, and we soon found ourselves in a roomy and comfortable apartment, where seats were at once provided for us. In the middle of the box was placed a large table or altar, which groaned under the weight of the good things provided as thanksgiving offerings to heaven. The innumerable varieties of Chinese dishes were here represented; roast ducks decorated with gilt paper, sweetmeats of all kinds, cakes plentifully bespangled with raisins and currants, imitation little pigs formed of pork, fruits in great variety, pigs' feet garnished with bruised potatoes, and a quantity of dishes whose composition and names are unknown to Europeans, were spread out in promiscuous and rich profusion.

The principal compartment, in which we sat, was flanked on either side by two small boxes, in front of which were screens which, while concealing the inmates from the vulgar gaze, permitted from within a view of the stage and the movements thereon; these were reserved for the native female connections of the host and his friends. In the meantime tea was ordered for us, and a servant placed a small table, or "tea-poy," in front of us, on which he arranged Chinese cups, and poured into them some genuine Chinese tea as consumed by the natives themselves. It is a weak and insipid production, of the color of pale sherry, and tastes more of hot water than of tea; no milk or sugar is mixed with it, and what with the awkward shape of the cups with their embarrassing lids, and the uninviting nature of the beverage, a cup of tea a la Chinoise is not a boon much sought for by foreigners. On this occasion we made as few faces over it as we could in presence of our host, and we managed to sip a little without much inconvenience.

For some time we sat and watched the actofs and listened to their shrill voices. The stage had no "wings" to it, and the only entrances were two doors at the back, through which the actors entered when their turn came round and retired when they had performed their allotted part. The imaginations of the audience were not assisted by scenery or stage accessories of any kind; indeed, the entire back of the stage was occupied by the orchestra and by attendants and hangers on, who went about their occupations as if nothing else were taking place on the boards.

The box in which we sat was open in front, and had not the advantage possessed by the boxes in which the Chinese ladies sat unobserved, so that in spite of the gorgeous dresses on the stage, in spite of the vigorous strumming of the orchestra, in spite of the falsetto shrieking of the actors, and the merits of the piece itself, a large proportion of the audience turned their backs on the stage, and the foreigners became the attraction on which the concentrated gaze of the multitude was firmly set. Whatever little interest we might have commenced to take in the performance being now completely checked by this demonstrative attention on the part of the crowd we rose and quickly took our departure leaving the actors in undisputed possession of their rights as caterers to the amusement of the multitude.

Living Chessmen.

The Rev. C. C. Chevallier, the vicar of Heighington, in England, in order to raise a fund to provide bells for the parish church, arranged, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for a game of chess to be played in Bedford park, by players who were dressed to represent the different pieces on the chessboard. The day was fine and a large and fashionable company was attracted from Darlington, Bishop Auckland and other parts of the district. There was a considerable space of green sward roped off in the park, which was laid out in squares. The band escorted the opposing forces on to the ground, who marched in procession and presented a most picturesque appearance in their fifteenth century costume. The prevailing color of the costume of the players on one side was green and on the other red. The pawns were dressed as pages of the fifteenth century, with long-pointed shoes and tights. The castles were imitations of the castles known in chess, consisting of canvas in which four young ladies were enveloped. The bishops appeared in bishops' costumes, those in red being the cardinals. The two gentlemen who directed the players were the Rev. C. C. Chevallier and Mr. Johnson, of the Heighington school. The moves were faultlessly made, showing that the players had been well drilled.

The Decoration of the Grave.

The New York *Evening Post's* octogenarian merchant, Mr. Degraw, says in one of his chapters of reminiscences: I was the first person in this country, so far as I know, to cover a grave with flowers. I got the idea from some of the British poets, who wrote of an old custom in England. Having long had a fondness for flowers (Mr. Degraw was for thirteen years the president of the Brooklyn Horticultural society), and keeping many of them in my garden, I went to the grave of a friend who had been buried the day before at Hempstead, L. I., and covered it with some of the most beautiful and fragrant varieties in my possession. It was early one Sunday morning, in the yard in front of the Methodist church, and when the hour for service approached, I took my stand near by to see the effect of the flowers, for no person could enter the church from the street without passing by the grave which I had decorated. I noticed that the family of the dead lady were deeply affected by the tribute I had paid, and the worshipers in general were evidently struck by it. The news soon spread through the village that the grave was covered with flowers, and hundreds of persons went to see the sight.

SUNDAY READING.

Sometime.

It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness and the day is born on the mountain. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there. Oh, reader, be of good cheer! For all the good there is a golden "sometime;" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow, of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead! over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm-trees of the glorious city, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there will be no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping "sometime."—*Advent Review.*

Religious News and Notes.

There are now 700,000 Protestants in France.

The State of Michigan has 209 Congregational churches.

One-half the cadets of West Poin are church members.

Edinburgh, Scotland, has been besieged by the Salvation army.

New York city has twenty Lutheran churches and Philadelphia thirty.

The Reformed church in America has 509 churches and 80,167 communicants.

The sale of Bibles and other Christian books in Japan is increasing rapidly.

The head chief of the Pima Indians has cut his hair short, dresses in American clothes and regularly attends church. Members of his tribe are erecting a small chapel at Blackwater

The late Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Musgrave, a Presbyterian pastor of Philadelphia, bequeathed $30,000 to Princeton college, to be invested till it reaches $50,000, to found a Musgrave professorship, and $17,000 to other Presbyterian institutions.

Atlanta, Ga., shows, it is claimed the best church record of any city in the Union. With a population of nearly 50,000, it has forty-eight churches, with a total membership of 18,950, and an average Sunday attendance of over 20,000.

A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

The Protestant Episcopal diocese of Indiana presents the following statistics: Clergy, twenty-nine; parishes, forty-eight; baptisms, 105 of which were adults, 429; communicants in forty-five churches, 3,830; contributions in thirty-four churches, $57,122. Diocese of Pittsburg: Clergy, 46; parishes, 55; communicants, 6,040; confirmations, 411; Sunday school teachers, 495; scholars, 4,749; contributions, $132,499.

A very pretty story is told of the mother of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who recently completed her eightieth birthday. She is too deaf to hear her son preach, but every Sunday morning before he is going to church he tells her what he is going to preach about and gives her an outline of his sermon, and then she prays for him in her room during the hours of service. She was left a widow fifty-five years ago, when her son was only four years old.

Logging in Nevada.

A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and, while we are telling it, the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt and somewhat of its roar. A track of smoke and fire follows them—fire struck by the friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the shute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have a greater velocity than they have at the foot of a chute. The average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second.

A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air. Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows the feathery spray is hurled to the height of one hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters foam and seethe and lash against the shore! One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log, hurled from the chute, cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances; but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then with a crash like the reverberation of artillery the falling log springs vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the water, a long distance from the log it struck.

A Dangerous Bedfellow.

Ferryman Hoppy, of Arena, Wis., recently experienced a fearful sensation on awakening during the night. He felt something crawling over him, and knew, when fairly awake, that it was a snake. He did not know what to do, but finally took both hands and threw the bedclothes over it and got on it with his knees. The reptile immediately coiled its tail around his neck, he being on its head. By repeated efforts he succeeded in uncoiling it, but not before he was nearly strangled. He gathered up snake and clothes together, threw them from the window that was open near the bed, and then as quickly as he could get out of doors caught up a pole and struck the snake a blow. He could see him coiled up and could hear the rattle, showing it to be a very large rattlesnake. As he struck the reptile coiled around the pole and as he raised the pole to strike again it sent the snake away out into the river. It was a close call for Mr. Happy. He doesn't like such bedfellows, and has wire screens to his windows now.

WISE WORDS.

It is wisdom to think and folly to sit without thinking.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

Life is just long enough for a man to decide where he will spend eternity.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

It is easy enough to forgive your enemies, if you have not the means to harm them.

It is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half so long to make a wound as to heal one.

We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble that it has cost to produce it.

When alone guard your thoughts; when in the family guard your temper; when in company guard your words.

Foundations are good, and paths are good; but they are not enough. Foundations were made to build on; paths were made to walk in.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes the best of it.

The best receipt for going through life happily is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.

This life is not ordained in vain; it is constituted for a grand purpose, if through its lessons of experience we become convinced that this life is not all.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve but will to labor. I believe that labor judicious and continuously applied becomes genius.

Much talk and much judgment seldom go together, for talking and thinking are two quite different qualities, and there is commonly more depth where there is less noise.

Does Salt Kill Trichinæ?

A French savant, M. Colin, some time ago declared that the salting of meat was a sure and certain method of destruction to these parasites. This, however, was different to the opinions often expressed by German investigators, and also to the fact that several cases of trichinosis, believed to have resulted from the eating of American hams that had long been salted, had been reported. Among other chemists, Schmitt, Chatim Girard, and Pabst, and De Benecke and Libon, may be medtioned as observers who had found the trichinæ still living in meats that had been salted for several months. The experiments of M. Colin led to others by M. Fourment, the results of which have just been published as a report to the French Academy.

These experiments show conclusively that the salting of meats cannot be regarded as a safeguard against trichinosis. M. Fourment took a piece of meat on the 19th of April, 1881, from some American salted meats examined at the Havre docks and found infested. This meat was placed in a flask and imbedded in fine salt. It was then hermetically sealed and not opened till the 1st of April, 1882. By this time the meat had undergone a year's salting carried to the highest degree, and if we add the time that must have elapsed since it was first put in salt in America (which could not be put at less than three months) the meat may be said to have been in salt for at least fifteen months. The meat was then cut up into small pieces, and these were placed in water, which was frequently changed to remove the salt, and remained for several hours in a temperature of seventy-one degrees Fahrenheit. On the 4th, 5th and 6th of April this was fed to a mouse, which died on the 7th, after presenting symptoms of diarrhea. The intestine was evidently inflamed and contained sexually developed trichinæ. A second and a third mouse were fed with more of the meat, and with exactly similar results in each case. Several other experiments were made. M. Fourment says that all show that the trichinæ were then certainly alive and capable of reproduction after fifteen months of salting; and it is consequently manifest that salting does not surely and rapidly destroy these parasites. They may die in salted meats as well as in any other situation, and thus explain the negative experiments published by distinguished observers; but they may also live a considerable time without our being able to determine the length of the period after which death necessarily follows latent life.

But, although salting is thus an uncertain remedy, there need be no danger whatever from trichinosis if only the meat be properly cooked. In no single case—and there have been numerous experiments made—has heat failed to entirely destroy these parasites. Fjord, in Sweden, and Krabbe, in Germany, have both proved that a temperature of 129 degrees Fahrenheit has been shown by many experiments to kill instantaneously. Only those who neglect the precaution of thorough cooking—absolutely necessary in the case of all pig meat and sausages—need be under any fear of these parasites.—*New York Observer.*

An Historical Gorge.

Among the Capon mountains of Hampshire county, West Virginia, is a gorge, called Hanging Rock, which possesses more than ordinary historical and romantic interest. A narrow road runs along the side of a brawling stream, and above it on either hand the wooded cliffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. A band of Catawba Indians who were encamped in the gap in 1731 were set upon by a party of hostile Delawares and totally exterminated. A few years later some prowling Frenchmen and Indians fired from an ambush on Ensign Daniel Morgan, "the hero of Stillwater and the Cowpens," who was passing through the gap bearing dispatches to Winchester. Two soldiers who were with him fell from their horses dead, while Morgan, with the blood streaming from a terrible bullet-wound, clasped his mare about the neck with both arms and was borne safely back to a neighboring fort, where he was lifted from the saddle insensible. In 1864 the gorge was the scene of a fierce cavalry fight between some roving troopers from the Federal and Confederate armies. Recently surveyors have located the route by the Baltimore, Cincinnati and Western railroad directly through the pass.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The Loss of a Steamship Described by a Young Lady Who Was One of the Two Survivors.

From Parry Sound, Ontario, come particulars of the sinking of the steamship Asia. Miss Morrison, one of the two survivors, gives the following thrilling account of the catastrophe:

"It did not get very rough until 8 o'clock in the morning. I was up then, but was seasick and took no breakfast. I saw four women with children in the cabin—one had four, and one had two, and two had one each. They were two families and had taken a deck passage. I noticed the four women and their children particularly. The women were all sick and the cabin maid was feeding the children. There may have been other ladies in the open air. I knew there was no danger. I saw people putting on life preservers. I lay down and thought I would not move if the boat were sinking. The boat rolled on her side, and I thought it was sinking, when I jumped up and went into the adjoining stateroom, where a woman with two children was. I found her asleep and awoke her, but think she never left the cabin. Her children were a small one about two years of age and a child in the arms. I then put on a life-preserver and sat by the cabin door. Before I went to my stateroom I asked the mate if there was any great danger. He said there was a very heavy sea, but they had already thrown some horses overboard and would throw off all the freight they could. I could hear a great noise made by the horses. I had hopes the boat would be saved till I saw water coming into the cabin.

"I was on the upper side of the boat. She lay now on her side. I took hold of the rail, slid down into the water and sank. I came up by the side of the captain's boat. He took me by the wrist and the mate helped to pull me up. My stateroom companions were both in the same boat, but no other women or children. I saw the other two life-boats, both full. The captain and mate had oars and tried to take care of our boat. The steamer now went down and left wreckage floating around. I saw the other two boats upset twice, and each time the number of passengers were largely reduced. The three boats drifted together for a short time. I heard those in the other boats call to the captain for oars. One of the two boats had no oars, one had one and our boat two. The captain could spare none. Our boat went along quite nicely for some minutes; the others capsized almost immediately. They had nothing to help themselves with. I was sitting in the bow of our boat looking back toward the wreck. I saw the other two boats tip over three times, and when I next saw them they were empty, no one even clinging to their sides. I am sure none were saved except Tinkis and myself.

"Finally our boat upset and we lost both oars. We were then at the mercy of the waves and were upset four times in all. There were eighteen persons in the boat before she upset. Two women were lost the first time. It became calmer near dark and the boat did not upset again. About this time we picked up a floating oar, but were too exhausted to use it. The mate told me to hold on to the life-line whatever happened, and I never let go. When the boat upset I hung on and came up with it. None of the five men died until after dark. The mate got upon his knees and said he could see land. This cheered us all. The captain seemed very sad and seldom spoke. None had hats or coats on, but Tinkis. I had neither hat nor shawl. We were all in the water up to our knees, but the water was not up to the seats. If we had had a bailing-dish we could have bailed out the boat after the sea went down, but we had nothing to do it with.

"The men all died quietly and seemed to go to sleep. The mate put his head up to my face in the dark and asked if it was me. I said yes. My hair was flying around. He seized it in his death-grasp and pulled down my head. I asked the captain, who was near, to release my hair. He did so, and the mate soon breathed his last. We saw a light at Byng Inlet about dark, and could see it all night, but drifted south. Shortly after the mate died and the captain laid down. I tried to arouse the captain, but he was dead. I think this was about midnight.

"Mr. Tinkis and I kept up a conversation. I was nervous and feared that Tinkis would lay down his head like the rest. I asked him to come to

The Centre Reporter.

REED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Oct. 5, 1882

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philad.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK, of York.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana county.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.
FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT LARGE,
MORTIMER F. ELLIOT, of Tioga.

Democratic County Ticket.

CONGRESS,
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
REPRESENTATIVES,
HENRY MEYER,
BENJAMIN F. HUNTER.
JURY COMMISSIONER,
J. H. TOLBERT.
CORONER
DR. H. K. HOY.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

Up to this writing Gen. Beaver has made 71 speeches and yet the bosses are in a scare.

The REPORTER until after the election—only 20 cents.

Last day for being assessed and registered—Thursday, Sep. 7th.

Gen. Beaver went back on his Blaine instructions at Chicago, and now he would cry up to the Maine statesman, Save me Cassius or I sink. Blaine winks from afar off, and says, Can't see it, Jeems—go and see Don about it.

This is not the time to swap horses. Let the senatorial conference make short work, by at once nominating C. T. Alexander for re-election. This is simply what any member from Clinton or Clearfield would have claimed as an old-time practice, more especially when a public servant has proven so faithful as our present senator.

In the supreme court on Monday Associate Judge Trunkey decided that a railroad company must honor its tickets whosoever sells them, and that therefore the ticket on its face entitles the holder to the rights of a passage between points named on the ticket. The opinion reverses the judgement of the lower court, and lays down the law in an interesting way upon one phase of the ticket scalping business.

Delaware had use for the whipping post the other day. Seven black men, two white men and one white boy were publicly whipped in the jail yard at Newcastle in the midst of a driving rain. The black men took their punishment as a matter of course. Six received twenty and one ten lashes. The white prisoners, two of them receiving forty lashes, suffered excrutiating agony, all of them jumping and begging for mercy. The boy's misery was pitiful, and his back was badly mutilated, although the Sheriff was lenient with his blows. One black and two white men stood for an hour in the pillory, being drenched to the skin.

The Philadelphia *Times* calls attention to the fact that the guns of the Union League, which have boomed for every republican gubernatorial candidate since the foundation of the club, are ominously silent in this campaign. Not the faintest sound has yet been heard for Beaver in that quarter. It is true that George H. Boker, the president of the league, presided at the stalwart meeting in Philadelphia on Saturday night, but this fact is no indication of the sentiment of the organization. The Union League is doubtless afflicted with the same difference of opinion as between Stewart and Beaver that troubles many other republican organizations in Pennsylvania just now.

The re-nomination of Gov. Curtin, for congress, was a most proper thing, and in accordance with the prayers of the large majority of the citizens of the district, as well as of the state, and, we may add, of the nation. Gov. Curtin is a *National* representative, whose usefulness is not limited to the interests of a district. He belongs to that class of statesmen who should be continued in congress, from term to term, in the interests of the nation.

He will be re-elected by a largely increased vote, as his course in congress has received the merited approbation of the people of all parties and cannot be assailed by the few who would prefer to see him displaced because he rises above their own calibre.

The names of the candidates presented by other counties in the district, Dill of Union, Reed of Mifflin, and Hall of Elk, are all honored names and we expect, sooner or later, to see them called to places fitting their abilities and purity of character.

The nomination of Mr. Curtin, after last ballot, was made unanimous, and the gentlemen above named promised the nominee their warmest support.

STEWART LETS OUT A SECRET.

Mr. Stewart, the independent candidate, spoke at Easton a few days ago, and let out a little secret of the ways of the boss, reported thus: Senator Stewart began speaking at half-past 8 and held his audience for an hour in a powerful argument against Cameronism. After referring to the Independent movement and saying that the persons in it were grossly misrepresented, he declared that the party had grown rapidly. He touched upon Beaver and his declination to discuss with Stewart the issues of the campaign. Then followed a plain statement of facts, that Cameron had selected the ticket long before the Harrisburg convention, and that Cameron controlled all political movements among the Regular Republicans. The unit rule business at Chicago and Beaver's unsuccessful previous efforts to get on the ticket next occupied the speakers attention. In the course of his remarks upon Cameron's dictation and the manner in which he named the ticket Stewart said: "And I tell you what I never have told another assemblage, and that is that I an individual was invited to be present when it was done, and accompany the invitation was an intimation that if I wanted it there was a position on the ticket for myself. My response to that invitation I will let Mr. Cameron give to the public if he desires." The speaker argued that it was not Beaver or the rest of the ticket, as men, that the Independents opposed, but the principles they represented through the influence of Cameron.

Last day for paying taxes—Saturday, October 7th.

Banish ill health, nervousness, vexations fretfulness, etc., by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

BEAVER AND LOG ROLLING LEGISLATION.

The most pernicious system that has ever disgraced or cursed any country is that known as "log rolling." It is the system by which steals like the river and harbor one are secured, enormous and unnecessary appropriations made, and nearly all the raids upon the treasury organized. It is the "you help me and I'll help you" steal kind of work that has robbed the treasury and wronged the people under the forms of law and pretense of legislation. It is the system of legislation that "roosters" and "thieves" and bilbe-givers and bribe-takers have always favored, and that a candidate for governor should under the solemnity of an oath, acknowledge that it was a proper method of legislation, is one of the startling signs of the times. That Gen. Beaver favors this most infamous of all infamous method of legislation is shown by the following which we get from the Williamsport *Sun and Banner*. It says:

"When Joseph Shortlidge was president of the State College, General Beaver as president of the board of trustees had a bill introduced in the state legislature appropriating several thousand dollars to each of the experimental farms connected with the school. This bill for some reason or other was allowed to go by default.

"Shortlidge testified before the legislative committee of investigation that when he complained to Beaver about this default Beaver told him he had the bill introduced only as a blind. When Beaver appeared before the same committee, however, to contradict Shortlidge, he was asked in reference to this particular matter. Beaver squarely denied telling Shortlidge so, but said he might have told Shortlidge *there was some log rolling about it, a very proper method of legislation in his opinion.*"

The candidate for governor of this state who would thus openly and shamelessly volunteer an opinion of that kind may well be an object of severe scrutiny as to his fitness for any public trust, much more so the responsible one of chief executive.

CURTIN NOMINATED.

The congressional conference met at Tyrone, last Friday, on 20th ballot, renominated Gov. Curtin for congress. The 19 ballots stood Curtin 9, Reed 3, Hall 3, and Dill 3. On 20 ballot the Mifflin conferees went to Curtin, which gave him a majority over all.

WHAT STEWART SAYS.

Stewart, the independent candidate for governor, was in Philadelphia the other day, and to the inquiry as to the political outlook said that while he was only entering upon the campaign, and therefore from personal knowledge had but little knowledge to impart, yet he was in communication with gentlemen residing in various portions of the State, and from advices received he was greatly encouraged regarding the success of the Independent ticket.

"If the election could be held now," said Senator Stewart, "I am confident that the Independents would poll at least 150,000 votes and the cause is growing stronger every day, and will continue to do so to the day of election. There was a time a while ago when compromise was talked of, and it was not certain what was going to be done, that there was an ebb in the Independent tide, but that time is past, and the outlook is all we could ask for."

"Then that means Pattison for Governor?" suggested the reporter.

"I have nothing to say on that subject," replied the Senator as he exhaled the smoke of his cigar and his countenance broadened into a smile.

"What have you to say of the future of the party?"

"That depends upon three things," replied the Senator thoughtfully. "First, if the Independent ticket is elected, the result will be the destruction of the machine, dethroning the Bosses, purifying and uniting the party. If, secondly, Gen. Beaver is elected it will result in the disintegration of the party, while at the same time Cameron will tighten his grip on the machine and use it for his own selfish political purposes, as shamelessly in 1884 as he did in 1880. The State will be in a worse condition to enter in the next Presidential contest than it ever has been, and the wishes of the people will be as utterly disregarded in the future as they have been in the past."

"If Mr. Pattison is elected then that clears the decks, and the party can then pull together and be stronger than it is to-day. I have no doubt that General Beaver's vote and my vote combined will exceed that of Pattison's, as he cannot receive more than a plurality, and Pennsylvania will be as strongly Republican as ever."

Senator Stewart will take an active part in the campaign until it closes, speaking four nights every week.

WHAT PATTISON WOULD DO.

At a recent meeting in Philadelphia, S. Davis Page, esq., one of the most eloquent leaders in the reform movement in that city, made a speech in which he presented the case most forcibly. After speaking briefly of the circumstances of Mr. Pattison's nomination, the condition of the two parties at present, and the many misdoings of the Harrisburg administrations, Mr. Page continued:

"If men like Pattison were sent there, there would be no such repetition of crime. The governor of Pennsylvania is a very important factor in making the laws. Through his veto he can control nearly all legislation. If the governor feels that his responsibility is to the bosses and not to the people, he will sign bills to please corporations and others than the people. But if Robert E. Pattison, or somebody as big as he, were at Harrisburg, do you think there would be such legislation? Take the recorder's bill, which I consider one of the most iniquitous measures ever inflicted upon the people of Pennsylvania. There was no necessity for it. It was created for the party that was benefited by it, and could never have become a law if Pattison had been governor. About the same time another bill was passed, ostensibly for Philadelphia—the deliquent tax bill. Its only object was to draw money into the hands of those who held the office. Do you suppose that Pattison would ever have signed such a bill—a bill that has been so hard upon the poor, hard-working people? Cries of "No!" arose from the enthusiastic Thirtieth warders. "It is for such reform that you are bound to support this man Pattison. He is the embodiment of reform." Mr. Page also exhorted his hearers to give the rest of the ticket an equally generous support.

Voters should attend to these important matters or it may cause great trouble.

Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace has been permitted to see the greatest beauty of Prince Feramorz's harem in Turkey. Two wonderfully ugly black eunuchs met the visitor at the iron gate of a beautiful garden and conducted her to a large room rather barren of furniture, but hung with fine Eastern draperies. Here she found the Prince's latest acquisition, whom she thus describes in the *Independent*: "Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veilings rose the young face. Oh! what a revelation of beauty! uplifted in a curious, questioning way to see what manner of women these are who come from the ends of the earth with unveiled faces, and go about the world alone and have to think for themselves—poor things! The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready for play. A sensative, exquisite face fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and oh! those wonderful Asiatic eyes! lustrous, coal black, long rather than round, beaming under joined eyebrows."

All members of the Williamsport, Pa., City Council have been arrested upon information of several property-owners, charged with failing to keep the streets in proper condition. They gave bail.

There is always a remedy where public officers are derelict in the discharge of their duties, and the oftener they are hauled over the coals for it the better, and the less occasion there will be for complaint.

Gen. Beaver is put out as a Christian statesman. To be a statesman of that high type means one who is opposed to using money corruptly in politics, against assessing poor women, girls and boys in government employ 2 per cent for a fund to buy votes. Now all this is being done to elect Gen. Beaver governor and he knows it too.

Then, is Gen. Beaver a Christian statesman?

Press Opinions.

From the Philad. *Times*: A forged telegram gave the Stalwarts the control of the New York Committee; the control of Committee gave them the control of the Convention; the control of the Convention gave them Folger for Governor; the nomination of Folger gave them the permanent control of the State Committee and of the organization of the party, and the control of the organization will give Arthur the vote of the New York delegation for President in 1884. The forged telegram was a little thing, but it worked wonders. What are the Garfield Republicans going to do about it?

Albany *Evening Republican*, Rep: The convention which involved the nomination of Folger from the chaos of a turbulent body and an incapable chairman was not the convention which the people elected at the primaries. Treachery, greed and cowardice ran a swift race through the hotel corridors at Saratoga to the goal which Jay Gould and his administration had so lavishly gilded. The people were betrayed, defrauded, sold out. There is no need to mention names. Men grown gray and fat in the well-rewarded livery of the party cheated their constituents at home at the bidding of the party's worst enemies. We know them; our readers know them. Only in the most coldly formal manner can the result their treason procured be recognized by the party as binding upon it. In the law of the land fraud vitiates contracts. Perhaps there is some such clause, too, in the moral law which governs honest men's convictions and actions and votes.

Providence *Press*, rep.: It is impossible to disguise the fact that the political campaign opens in New York this year anything but hopefully for the Republicans. For the first time recently they have to meet a united Democracy, thoroughly disciplined and confident of success.

A THOUSAND EVICTIONS ON ONE IRISH ESTATE.

The cable announces that Lord Dillon has caused a thousand ejectment decrees to be posted at the Swineford courthouse, County Mayo. Among all the cases which have been put on record to illustrate the hardships which were possible under the land laws of Ireland, none has been considered stronger than that of Lord Dillon's tenants. They number some four thousand, and are settled upon an estate in the northern part of the country, surrounding the small town of Ballahaderrin. Four years ago the aggregate rental was close on $150,000 a year. It had been gradually rising to this figure from $50,000, although it was admitted that no marked improvement had taken place in the condition of the land, which was at no time sufficiently good to afford the occupiers coarse food, provided they were to pay their rents from the proceeds of the farm crops. But such was their attachment to the homes of their forefathers that they made annual harvesting trips to England and sent home their savings. So long as the English farmers required their service they were prompt in rent-paying. The agricultural depressions at the other side of the Channel took away from them their main prop, and in one year there was a falling off in post-office orders from England of over $50,000. The late Lord Dillon had never seen his Irish estate, and it is said that the present lord had also abstained form making a visit. A worthy gentleman named Strickland was the agent, having succeeded to the position at the death of his father. But for the liberality with which the tenants were helped form the relief funds raised in America and Australia hundreds of them would have died with starvation. Mr. Strickland was well aware of this fact, and declined to carry out the harsh measures which Lord Dillon dictated from England. The result was his resignation and the appointment of one of a class of men ready to carry out the most arbitrary edicts of absented landlords, and thus a district which for many years had been free from crime had to be given over to the charge of soldiers and police.

The degree of system and safety to which ocean as well as railroad travel has been brought in the present age, was illustrated by the arrival in New York a few days ago from England of Horace M. Coleman, a boy of between six and seven years, who was ticketed, or rather labeled through from London. The boy's father resides at St. Louis, Mo; A short time ago he wrote to the superintendent of one of the ocean lines of steamers, inquiring the price of tickets, &c. The information being furnished he forwarded the money to pay the boy's passage. A few days later the boy's grandmother accompanied him from Lancashire to London, where he was placed on board the Queen, with a card sewed upon his jacket, on which was written: "Horace M. Coleman, passenger per F. line steamship the Queen, from London to New York, thence by rail to his father William H. Coleman, northwest corner Third and Pine streets, St. Louis, Mo." The little fellow was quite a curiosity at Castle Garden. He was placed in charge of the conductor of a train on the Erie road, and has arrived safely in St. Louis.

Last day for being naturalized—Saturday, October 7th.

The completion of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis road, the "nickel-plate," signifies the most remarkable feat ever accomplished in railroad building. This road, 520 miles long, extending from Buffalo to Chicago, has been built since May 1, 1881, the organization of the company dating from the April preceeding. The company was organized simultaneously in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The Cash subscription was $22,000,000, and the company has since issued $28,000,000 of common and $22,000,000 of preferred stock, and $15,000,000 of first mortgage bonds. The actual cost of road, including equipment—the greater portion of which is built by the Pullman Company—is stated to be between $25,000,000 and $58,000,000. This is not far from $5,000 per mile. The stock and bond obligation, however, is $117,000 per mile. At 6 per cent. the annual interest obligation is $6,350 per mile. The contract price of the equipment is said to be between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000. The construction of these 520 miles of road is an instance of unexampled dispatch. At times the track-laying has been at the rate of four miles per day.

FREIGHT DISCRIMINATION.

Springfild, Ill., September 29.—An opinion was rendered by the Illinois Supreme Court yesterday, in a case involving the question of the power of the State Legislature to regulate the rate to be charged by railroads for freight carried to points outside of Illinois, and whether the act prohibiting unjust discrimination in such rates is not in contravention with the constitution of the United States. The case is one wherein 66 per cent. larger rate is charged on a haul from Gilman to New York than on a haul from Peoriato New York, though the distance from Peoria is greater by eighty-six miles. It is held by the Court that the charge is unjust, excessive, extortionate and unlawful, and in effect the Court upholds the authority of the Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners to regulate freight charges from points in Illinois to points outside of the State.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

[The San Francisco Exchange, Sept. 12.]

A railroad accident on the South Pacific Coast line last evening was the cause of two deaths, one of which was as terrible as ever recorded. The through freight train from Santa Cruz, which arrived at Park street, Almeda, at eight, was crossing a barren marshy land east of a trestle bridge that crosses what is known as San Leandro Bay, and when at a point about half a mile from the bridge the engine keeled over, drawing after it six cars. As the train was travelling at a rapid rate of speed the cars and engine were piled upon each other. The engineer of the train, a man named Symons, was thrown from the engine cab a distance of several feet. His nose was broken, he was badly bruised and was probably injured internally. When the engine turned over Dan'l Driscoll, the fireman, was caught and held to the ground by an iron bar across his breast, while another bar held one foot fast. Thus held, and retaining consciousness, he fully realized that as the tide was rapidly rising, he could escape death from drowning but a short time. Six men were on hand and labored to save him. They wrapped sheets about his body and exerted their combined strength to pull him from his appalling position. He cried piteously that they were killing him. A levee was built about his head to keep down the rising tide. Buckets were brought, and by faithfully bailing it was attempted to keep the water from reaching his head. He was lying under the cab, and a hole was cut through it through which he could put his head. They raised his head above the water as much as possible. He remained thus two hours, but at last the levee broke, and the men who were bailing out the water found that they could do no more. They held his head above the water, which rose slowly about his body. The men found they must make a final effort. Then his head was lowered and they all caught hold and pulled desperately. It was in vain. They raised his head again. The water reached his chin. A friend then held his hand over the drowned man's mouth The water rose to his nostrils. Nothing more could be done, and he was drowned. The other man killed was brakeman Daly. He was on the fourth car, with the other brakemen and conductor. Daly was instantly killed. The force with which he was thrown broke his neck. The conductor, Langden, had his legs slightly hurt. Both men were residents of Alameda and unmarried.

THE CIGARETTE YOUNG-MAN AGAIN.

The cigarette young-man has made his appearance in London, where he displays the same characteristics that have made him an object of pity and contempt in this part of the world. The *Lancet*, whose authority on matters of medicine and hygiene is recognized everywhere, has taken up the war against "the growing practice of smoking cigarettes," and paints its deleterious effects in most sombre colors. It points out, what has been often dwelt upon, that the effects produced upon the nervous system by a free consumption of cigarettes are more marked and characteristic than those recognizable after recourse to other methods of smoking, and it refers to "a number of cases brought under notice during the last few months in which youths and young men who have not yet completed the full term of physical development have had their health seriously impaired by the practice of almost incessantly smoking cigarettes."

It is an evidence of the powerful influence of this habit that its bad effects are not observed alone in the nervous organizations of American youths, but in the more robust constitutions of English boys as well. It is impossible, indeed, for the strongest constitution long to withstand the continual depression of these mischievous little "whiffs" Healthy men, accustomed to smoking a reasonable number of cigars daily, find a very few cigarettes an overdose. How much more then must their bad effects be felt by the pallid, half-grown youth who most affect this form of nicotine poisoning.

We are glad to believe that the habit of cigarette smoking is less prevalent in Philadelphia at least than it was a year ago, but we have no such ill toward England as to wish the cigarette makers should find a market for their wares in London. There the habit seems to be comparatively new, and it will run its course as it has done in this country. Many young men will be ruined by it in physical and mental health, but its bad effects will become so apparant there, as they have here, that the instinct of self-preservation will necessarily assert itself, and the cigarette smoker being recognized, moreover, as a public nuisance, common decency will eventually triumph over his vice.

AN OLD COUPLE ROBBED OF THE SAVINGS OF A LIFE TIME.

New Comerstown, O., Sept. 23.—One of the most bold and daring robberies has been committed at Mount Holly, Knox county. Stephen Day, a merchant of that place, sold his store, and having received about $1,000 for it, he deposited it in a tin box containing the balance of his money, about $12,000. He and his wife then left the house and went to the railway station near by out of curiosity to see an excursion train from Cincinnati. They were absent only about ten minutes and on their return to the house were surprised to find the tin box with the contents stolen. The neighborhood turned out in search of the thief, but as yet there is no clue. Mr. Day is about 72 years of age, and by application to business had accumulated the above sum, which, now being stolen from him, leaves him almost without a penny in his old age. He is grief-stricken over his loss and as soon as the truth dawned upon him that he had been robbed of all his possessions he at once took his bed, and as he is so old and infirm his friends fear he will be unable to survive the shock and think he may become deranged. The money consists of United States bonds, checks and drafts, and several thousand dollars in cash.

A DREADFUL THING OF AIR.

Strange freaks were played by a tornado in Florida. Parts of the same building were carried in one direction, while other portions were hurled in another. Those who had an opportunity of seeing the dread messenger describe it as spear-shaped, or resembling a funnel, and say that it diffused a reddish or yellowish light. Like some huge bird of prey it would swoop down upon the earth to pursue for a few moments its mission of ruin, and would then dart off into space with a rumbling, roaring sound that struck all hearts with terror.

AN OLD MAN.

[Huntsville Herald]

A correspondent visited, the other day, near College Mound, Macon county, Mo., Mr. Robert Gibson, perhaps the oldest man in the United States. Mr. Gibson is now 116 years old, has had twelve children, ten of whom are now living, and his grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren number two hundred. He is getting deaf and his eyesight is growing dim, but on Sunday previous to the visit (July 25) he rode in a spring wagon, eight miles to church. He was excused from service in the war of 1812 by reason of his being too old for military duty.

ANTI-JEWISH RIOTS.

Vienna, Sept. 29.—Advices from Pressburg report anti-Jewish riots there. A mob broke the windows of many houses occupied by Jews. The military finally restored order, after making some forty arrests.

The rioters declared that what they had done was merely the prelude to what was coming. The shops and waerhouses of Jews were forced open and plundered. Rioters offered to the military obstinate resistance, some of them seizing the soldiers' bayonets with their hands. Similar excesses were committed in the neighboring town of Blumenthal, whene thirty persons were arrested. Several hundred Jews have fled to Vienna.

RAVINGS OF SMALL POX

Cape Town, Sept 26—The small-box is raging worse than ever. There are two thousand cases thus far, mostly natives—six hundred fatal. The disease has reached the military. Cape Town is declared infected, and all vessels sailing thence for other ports in the colony will be quarantined. The greatest excitement prevails in the diamond field in consequence of the arrival of persons suspected of having the disease. Streets of Cape Town have deserted appearance, and business is suffering greatly.

UXORICIDE AND SUICIDE—SAD FATE OF A YOUNG WIFE.

Sedalia, Mo., Sept. 24.—The most terrible tragedy that has been witnessed in this city for ten years was acted here last evening at six o'clock, and it has turned the whole community wild. Love and jealousy and madness are discussed with great elaboration and minuteness by the novelists and the poets, but when the hard-headed and practical people of this practical age and of this practical city come face to face with a real tregedy they seem to be terribly aroused. J. S. White, at six o'clock last evening, put two huge bullet holes into the bosom of his wife and then sent a bullet through his own brain from the same revolver.

Twelve years ago when White was a handsome and ambitious young man, he came in contact with a beautiful young school girl named Miss Ella Watson, in Warren county, Ky. He induced her to run away from school and marry him, though she belonged to a family of superior social position. From the time of their marriage until about ten days ago they lived in happiness. Last summer White became afflicted with insanity, and was sent to the asylum for treatment, and remained there for six months. He was finally discharged as cured, and about 7 months ago came to this place, where he has been actively employed ever since. He had two children, one a bright girl about ten years old, and the other a boy about twelve years old. The family lived in happiness and comfort until ten days ago, when White got drunk. He went home and conducted himself in such a furious manner that his young wife fled from the house and went to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Watson, on Main street.

For the past ten days White has been, under the influence of drink and insanity though he never seemed so to an unexperienced eye. For the past three days he has haunted the house to which his wife fled for protection, and has talked in a very curious manner.

About half-past five o'clock last evening he met his wife on the street, and walked with her to the house of her aunt. What they said to each other no one knows. They entered a side gate to the yard, and White then drew a revolver, and the inmates of the house heard Mrs. White exclaim: "Oh, don't shoot me!" The next minute three shots were heard, and then came a dead silence. When Mrs Watson went to the side gate of the house she saw Mrs. White lying dead, with two ghastly bullet holes in her bosom, and at her side lay her husband in the agonies of death with a large bullet hole in his forehead. Both were dead in few minutes, and their two orphan children stood sobbing over their bodies. Whisky, insanity and jealousy were the causes of the tragedy Mrs. White was much younger than her husband, and an intelligent and handsome young woman.

A FORMER PHILAD. SALESMAN

A Chicago special to an evening paper says: "Pat J. Dunkle, of Des Moines, Iowa, formerly a traveling salesman for Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, the mysterious fourth and last of the Kewanee bank robbers, has just been captured on the plains near Battle mound, Montana by Detective Pinkerton, and $1,500 in cash recovered. He is the short, thick-set man who so cruelly maltreated Miss Palmer, assistant to Cashier Pratt. His share of the plunder was $4,000. The detective tracked him to Des Moines, St. Paul, Sioux City, Montana, following all his sudden changes and finally purchased a horse at the end of the Northern Pacific railroad and pursued Dunkle 300 miles on horseback into the wilderness, overtaking him eventually on the plains, both armed to the teeth. The detective succeeded in getting the drop on Dunkle, ordered him to throw up his hands. Dunkle obeyed, and submitted to being handcuffed. The detective returned with his prisoner to Battle Mound, sold both horses, and the two will arrive here on Sunday."

SAVED BY AN ENGINEER.

Leavenworth, Sept. 26.—Thomas Fortune, engineer on the Kansas Central Railroad, performed a heroic deed on Sunday evening at Circleville. He left here Saturday pulling freight No. 4. A mile west of Circleville, in the woods, he rounded a sharp curve at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and saw, two hundred feet ahead of him, a little child toddling on the track. He reversed the engine, opened the sand box, and called for brakes. He then ran out along the running board and jumped down upon the pilot. The little child did not see the engine until it was almost upon him. He then faced it, threw up his hands, and sat down on the track. The engineer leaned far over, and an instant before the pilot reached the child Fortune seized him by his dress and pulled him up into his arms.

FIVE PERSONS DROWNED.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 27.—Captain Richard Smith, of the steamer Avalon, which arrived in Baltimore yesterday, reports that on Friday night last a woman and her five children, named Bush, were drowned near Heathsville, Va. Captain Smith's account is as follows: "Mr. Bush owned a mill and dwelling, the dwelling being located below the mill dam. Owing to the heavy rains, the mill stream rose rapidly and finally swept away the dam The volume of water then swept down upon the dwelling, carrying everything before it. Mrs. Bush and all the children were in the house and were swept away with the dwelling, which was soon broken to pieces. The bodies of three of the children were recovered before the Avalon left for Baltimore, the body of Mrs. Bush and two of the children still being missing."

The father of a thousand children has just died in Vienna. Ferdinand Reidt was a man of considerable wealth and was happily married, but the great regret of himself and his wife was that they had no children, and they concluded to act as parents of the fatherless and motherless. For nearly a quarter of a century he was known as the father of the orphans. He commenced by taking charge of a couple of orphans, but his zeal and repute increased to such an extent that at the time of his death he was the legal guardian of more than a thousand children. Those whom he adopted in this manner were not selfishly taken up and then let drop, but he kept conscientious watch and ward over them, from their early education until their marriage, or their adult start in life, at the close of their apprenticeship. He never sought fame or publicity, and took no credit to himself for his devotion to those who had no natural claim upon him.

Tunis, Sept. 26—Near Kairwan, a band of marauders attacked a party of sixty horsemen belonging to the French topographical exposition. The French commander was killed and seven of his men disabled. The brigands lost 30 killed and 50 wounded.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

DR. HARTMAN—Dear Sir: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of your remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying that they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hopes of ever being well. In this condition I began to take your *Manalin* and *Peruna*, and, I am most happy to say, in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured without any appliances or support of any kind. Yours truly,

MRS. HENRY ELLIS
No. 500 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Indiana, Clearfield and Cambria counties was held at Cherry town to discuss the formation of a new county out of parts of the three.

The clerk of the courts of Erie has been detected in the shrewd trick of having names on both sides of his jury tickets, thus enabling him to fill the jury box with men of his own selection.

Jonathan Ike shot and fatally wounded J. A. Williams, a fireman, while he was shaking some peaches from a tree on Ike's grounds. The ball lodged in his bowels. Officers are in pursuit of Ike, but have not yet succeeded in his capture.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

The Town of Ridgway, Elk County, Badly Burned.

Pittsburg, Sept. 29.—The *Commercial Gazette's* Ridgway special says: "A destructive fire occurred here this morning. It originated in the office of the *Democrat* Printing Company on main street, and the buildings in the vicinity being mostly frame, the flames spread rapidly east and west and the entire business part of the town was endangered. The bucket brigade turned out and worked with a will, however, and the flames were at last controled after seventeen business places and two dwellings had been destroyed and a loss of $92,000 had been entailed. The burned district extends from Broad street on the east and to Mill street on the west, the flames making a clean sweep of Main street except one house. The Western Union Telegraph office saved everything, as did also Dr. Williams and Mrs. Rice, who keeps a millinery shop. The devastated district will soon be rebuilt with brick.

Emporium, Sept. 29.—About 2.30 this morning a fire broke out in the *Democrat* office at Ridgway, Pa., and before it was gotten under control seventeen of the principal business places were burned, including both printing offices, the bank and the Wyde house. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $50,000.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

The foreign elements of our population have varied widely since 1850. At that time foreigners constituted 7.5 per cent. of the total population; now they constitute 13.3 per cent. Of the foreign residents of 1850, 42.5 per cent. were Irish; 27.4 Germans; 13.9 English and Welsh; 6.7 British Americans, while the Scandinavians formed less than one per cent. Since that time the proportion of Irish to the other foreign elements has steadily declined. Of the arrivals in ten years ending in 1850, the Germans were but 25 per cent.; of those in ten years ending in 1860, they were 37 per cent. Between 1860 and 1870 other foreign elements began to assume importance through the vast increasing immigration of Sweeds and Norwegians across the ocean and Canadians across the northern border. We have seen that the Irish of 1860 constituted 43.5 per cent. of the total foreign population. In 1860 this proportion had fallen to 38.9 and in 1870 to 33.3. Although the statistics of nationality at the sensus of 1880 are not yet published, it is not probable that the Irish today constitute more than 27 per cent. of the foreign population of the country.

KILLED AT THE GUNS.

New York, Sept. 26.—The old stone fort, Castle William, that faces the New Jersey shore from the lower end of Governor's Island, was the scene to-day of an accident that resulted in the death of two artillerymen, the probably fatal wounding of another, the mangling of a fourth, and the injury of two other cannoneers. It was caused by the preamature discharge of two cannons during the firing of a salute in honor of Admiral Grevy, of the French Naval Service.

SEEKING ULTIMATE HARMONY.

New York, Sept. 27.—The New York county democracy have written a letter to the chairman of Tammany hall, Tammany, anti-Kelly, Irving hall and the German democratic organizations asking for the appointment of committees to make the necessary preparations for a united democratic ratification of the ticket nominated at Syracuse. The letter urges that all local differences be laid aside.

South Lebanon, O., Sept. 27.—Five persons entered an old boat yesterday afternoon to cross the Miami river, and during a playful struggle for possession of the oars the boat capsized and four of the party were drowned. The names of those drowned were: Newton and Ella Wallace and Abraham and Belle Lucas.

Some days ago, while out gunning, Sam'l Grove, of Linglestown, came in contact with a catamount on the mountain north of that town, which he succeeded in capturing without difficulty, as his first shot at the animal was a deadly one. The animal weighed twelve pounds, and measured three feet four inches.

"Don't my son owe you a little bill?" asked Col. Yerger, as he emptied his glass, turning to the Austin Avenue saloonkeeper, who was delighted at the prospect of the old man settling up his son's bill. "Yes he owes me $25. Shall I receipt the bill?" said the anxious saloon keeper. "Well no; but give me a dozen cigars and add them on to my son's bill."

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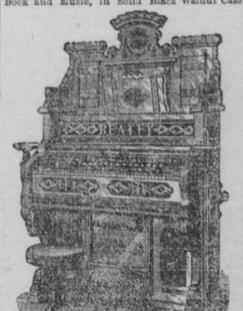
ORGANS
Five Octaves, one 3-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case



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THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.
The Famous Beethoven Organ.
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90
Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. *Illustrated Catalogue FREE.*
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DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

The Bad and Worthless
Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited.*

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imtations or counterfeits. (5)

Over 5000 *Druggists* AND *Physicians*

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York:

Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 50cts. A MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

INVITATION.

Strangers passing through the city are cordially invited to visit the store, and make free use of its conveniences; leaving their luggage under check at any of the doors, or in the Luggage Room in the Department of Public Comfort.

Really we meant to have this important department in full operation before everybody got back from sea and mountain. It is made for strangers; and they seem to enjoy it, so far as it has got. It consists of a free Reading Room for gentlemen, a free Resting Room for ladies, free writing-facilities in both, closets, and other little conveniences; a soda and mineral-water fountain that isn't free; and a lunch-room to be added.

We make the great public welcome there, beyond the wont of any other house, so far as we know. We think it will pay us to look after Public Comfort a little, as a means of advertising. There's nothing sly or crooked about it. We want visitors to Philadelphia to have a good time, *and to connect our store with it.*

New things are coming, and fall trade is already begun. New things do not come all together. They come in a steady stream from now till Christmas. And they go in the same way. They have to. You may easily believe it, when you see our house full all the time, of goods and of people taking them away. It would be hardly worth speaking of so obvious a fact, but for the moral; which is: Buy when you find what you want; for tomorrow somebody else will be after it.

New things will crowd upon us now for mention every day. Only a few can get into the papers, except in the most general way. It will be fair to come for whatever you want, and expect to find it.

New foreign wraps have come. There are jersey coats, jersey ulsterettes, pelisses, and others. The writer of this hasn't even seen them. He has only heard of the flutter they are going to make.

Wonderful silks have come. But we must say more about the least of them than we have time for today.

We have neither time nor knowledge today to go into particulars. This is only an early notice that the store is filling up with goods for fall.

We need to say further to you who live at a distance that you needn't go to the city every time you want anything. We take so much pains to send you what you want, that you risk little in writing for goods. Let us know, as nearly as you can, what you want, and we will send you samples and prices, or take other means of finding out exactly what you do want.

John Wanamaker.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

Once, in Paris, General Skobeleff was seen on a stormy day to run across the street from his lodgings with an umbrella to shelter an old woman who was hauling a customer's cart. He walked by her side for some distance, until she reached a place of shelter. "It's so hard to dry wet clothes in Paris, and am very tender-hearted when I see an old woman in any trouble," he said.

GENERAL OPENING
—IN—
ALL DEPARTMENT

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 5, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

"THE FAIR."

The only "FAIR" in Centre Co. is at SPRING MILLS.

Wonders from all parts of the World and the handiwork of all nations now open. Bring the Family along.

Admittance Free.

G. R. Speigelmeyer & Co.

PATTISON CLUB.—The Chairman requests the democratic voters of North precinct, Potter, to meet in the Centre Hall school-house, on Friday eve, Oct. 6, for the purpose of organizing and transacting such business as will be deemed necessary to further the success of Pattison and the democratic ticket. Let all turn out. By order of

THE CHAIRMAN.

LOCAL ITEMS.

— Rev. Diven preached his farewell sermon at Salona.

——The Reporter for the campaign only 25 cents cash.

——In another colum is an interesting letter from Nebraska.

——Had very fine weather the last few days—warm in the afternoons.

——Potatoes are large and plenty in this county this year, and will be cheap.

——Mrs. Wm. Durst, of Petersburg, is visiting her friends and relatives in this place.

——Rev. Reiter, formerly of Aaronsburg, was installed in Orbisonia Ref. charge.

——The farm of Rev. P. S. Fisher, dec'd, was sold to Andrew Korman for $6000.

——Don't forget that the Brockerhoff store has the best canned goods in this county.

——We hear complaint of the depredations of fruit thieves in this place and vicinity.

——We had a pretty sharp frost on Friday morning last, tho' no great damage was done.

——Mr. Jacob Moyer, an old and respected citizen of Linden Hall, died a few days ago.

——The ladies' and children's dress shoes at Brockerhoff's store take the eye of all. Go and see them.

——Esq. Herring, of Gregg, recently lost three cows from the effect of eating too much young clover.

——Philipsburg Park Association, thanks for complimentary to 2nd fall meeting, on 3, 4 and 5 inst.

——Last Thursday a Centre Hall lady presented the Reporter types with some delicious fruit. Accept thanks.

——Wait for Dinges' new goods—tremendous stock and wonderfully cheap. Bring your produce, farmers, and get extra prices for it,

——What you cannot get in the line of boots and shoes at Doll & Mingle's is worth having, so complete is the stock just received by them.

——James Evans, of Spring Mills, is dead. He and Mrs. Evans have returned from a several months' visit to Illinois, where they found things not as they expected.

——If you want a bargain in ready-made clothing, for men or boys, or ladies dress goods, or if you want a bargain in carpets, go to Brockerhoff's store, which takes the lead for cheap goods.

——All goods bought at Doll & Mingle's is warranted genuine leather, and no deception. Prices low and satisfactory. Call in and see Cap Mingle and he will treat you right—Cap always does.

——There being no fair this year, if you want to see a display a fruit and produce, of all kinds, and best qualities, free of charge, then go to Sechler's grocery. Also canned goods of all kinds on exhibition, and sold cheap.

——Mr. D. F. Luse, raises boss peaches, we know it, because he sent samples to the Reporter. One measures 9½ and another 10 inches in circumference. This is Pattison fruit, and indicates a big majority for the great reformer.

——Lewins has opened his new stock of ready-made clothing for the fall trade. Go and examine it. If you want a nice suit for a boy, good underwear, a fall over coat, or any other clothing, you will miss a bargain if you do not go to the Philad. Branch.

——The corner stone of the Evangelical church in Georges valley, on the road leading to Potters Mills, will be laid on Sunday; Oct. 15, at 2 p. m. Rev. W. Swengle, P. E., and Rev. N. Young, of Brush valley, are to officiate. The public are cordially invited to attend.

——Teats & Co's new grocery, opposite the Bush house, is becoming noted for its fine assortment of the choicest groceries in the world. You can get any thing belonging to their line, fresh, and at reasonable prices. All kinds of produce wanted—farmers are invited to take their produce to Teats' grocery, where the highest price will be paid them for it. Call and see the new grocery.

——Dressing for ladies shoes, a new and approved preparation, at Powers & Son's, the best and cheapest place for boots and shoes for men and women. They have the largest and choicest lot of boys' boots in any six counties, and for general assortment are ahead of all others. Powers & Son are boss of the boot and shoe trade. Call there by all means before purchasing elsewhere.

——The thief or thieves who robbed Murray's drug store a short time ago, were fooled after all. The money in the drawer, some 8 to 10 dollars, was wrapped in a bunch of paper, and lay in the drawer, and drawer and all carried off. The other day the drawer was found about a half a mile west of town, near a fence in a field; and in it still lay the paper that had the money in it, untouched. The thief no doubt thought the package of no value, and thus was fooled.

——Some of our people are taking the Philipsburg fever. Well, it is not as bad, perhaps as the Kansas fever. Philipsburg is not yet a finished town; it is not ready to be fenced up and whitewashed, and grass does not grow on the streets there. It is going to be the briskest little city in these parts, and affords a fine field for men wanting employment, or wishing to start in business with large or small capital.

——The Bellefonte Presbyterians talk of erecting a $10,000 Sunday school building. That's all right if *they* can pay for it. There is getting to be a mania to build religious structures fine beyond the means and wants of the localities interested, and then running all over the land and asking others to pay for it—this is all wrong, with an occasional exception, and those kind of solicitations are getting so plentiful as to become a burden and a bore.

——We will send the Reporter, for the campaign, in clubs of 20, for $4.00. Send in names for clubs of 20.

FAME.

Peruna's made of purest herbs,
And *Manalin* the same;
It were a use of idle words
To try and spread their fame;
There's not an ill beneath the sky,
If taken in due time,
Which these two cures will not defy,
They are the cures sublime!

The German language, it is said, is in a state of transition and does around here in the privacy of court life.

——A sudden and rather mysterious death occurred in this place a few days ago. Mr. James Wolf, a young man and son of John Wolf, of Potters Mills, was found at the residence of Jno. Gingerich, of this place, on Saturday evening, in convulsions, and unconscious. Dr. Jacobs being called, found the patient suffering from all symptoms of poisoning, tho' his death which followed next day, Sunday noon, may have been caused by congestion of the brain. Mr. Wolf seemed depressed a short time before he was discovered in the above condition mentioned. If his death was from poisoning by his own act, by accident, or otherwise, remains a mystery now, and only a chemical analysis of the stomach can prove whether it was from poison at all. The mystery should be cleared up by an examination so as to set at rest any ungrounded rumors that may arise from such a circumstance.

——There goes a man from away down the valley. What has that man on his arm? That is a large basket that he has on his arm, and he has footed it ten miles. What has he got in that basket that he has on his arm and with which he has footed it ten miles? He has a supply of groceries, from Sechlers, in the Bush house block, of whose fame he has read and heard tell. He came and saw and bought, which in Latin we would render, *veni, vidi, vici.* This man shows himself to be a man and a scholar and loves his family. He may be president of the United States yet. We have never yet known a person to take the small-pox or get to the penitentiary who purchases his groceries at Sechlers—they keep pure, healthy and wholesome goods always, anything you want. Try them and examine their stock.

——James M'Cormick, of near this place, died on Tuesday evening. Mr. M'Cormick had been ill for nearly a year, and during the last three months confined to his room. His sufferings were great.

——Dinges, of the Pennsvalley bargain store, has gone to the city for a new stock. Some of his new goods has already arrived, and in a few days the bulk of it will be on, when there will be an extra big time around these diggings for good bargains.

——The republicans, in their county convention, held last week, had the following ballot for assembly:

E. I. Walker, Bozgs.	21
D. Rhodes, Bellefonte,	82
Geo. Boal, Potter,	11
L. Rhoue, Potter,	62

Rhone and Rhodes receiving the nomination on first ballot.

For jury commissioner, the following ballot:

D. W. Kline, Huston,	21
Dan'l Keller, Harris,	12
A. J. Swartz, Spring,	11
D. B. Koons, Liberty,	45

Mr. Koons nominated.

Coroner, Dr. Addleman by acclamation.

For Chairman of Co. Committee D. S. Keller had 59 and Clem Dale 31 votes.

——During the impressive installation ceremonies on Sabbath evening, in the Luth. church at Lewistown, by the Central Synod, five young men were installed for the ministry, among these were Rev. Geo. Diven, of Boalsburg charge. The church was densely crowded, and the ceremonies deeply impressive and solemn.

— If you want to buy cheap goods call at Brockerhoffs. They are selling at cost to make room for new goods. Just received a large stock of shoes. Call and see for yourself.

——Every body is on tip-toe for the new goods now on the way for the Pennsvalley bargain store. A large and full stock, by special train, and along with it all the candidates for governor, who expect an immense crowd in front of Dinges' store, and will address it.

BOLD ROBBERS.

They Stop a train and Rob the Express Car of $5,500.

Granada, Cal., October 1—Last night while the west bound train was standing on the side track to let the east bound passenger train pass, two men mounted the engine with revolvers and made the engineer run the train one mile out of the town where fifteen armed men took posession of the train. The only shots fired were at Conductor Dees, who had gone forward to learn the cause of the stoppage of the train. He ran back into the smoking car where a sheriff and deputy sheriff from Raton, and a sheriff from Las Vegas were. The sheriffs drew their revolvers, and thereby saved the passengers from losing their valuables. The robbers then stole $5,500 in money from the express car, and told the engineer to pull out. They got off the train, mounted their horses and departed. A safe in the express car, containing $10,000 was not touched. A posse of citizens is in pursuit of the robbers. A Leadville special says: Last May General Ward, lessee of the Demkin mine, of Fryer Hill, was stopped and robbed of $1,700 while returning from town. The police the next morning captured the robbers, who were placed in jail. Shortly afterward General Ward disappeared. A few days ago while a party of miners were at work getting out one of their comrades who had fallen down the shaft of the Climan mine they found a coat and hat belonging to General Ward. A sickening odor rose from the water in the bottom of the mine, where it is thuogut Ward's body is lying. A search will be made.

FROM NEBRASKA.

RED CLOUD, NEB., Sept. 25.

ED. REPORTER:—

Thinking that perhaps a few rambling itemsgathered on my journey toward the setting sun, after a most delightful visit to my native hills in the old Keystone, might be interesting to your readers, jot the following:

On the morning of the 20th inst. we boarded the train at Bellefonte and prepared to take the last lingering look at the green clad hills in order that we might, in memory, retain their freshness when we reached our far western prairie home. Our journey was made safely and speedily over the Penn'a line to Chicago, and from thence by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. As we sped along on the wings of the wind, I took particular pains to ascertain in each region through which we passed, the status of the crops, and after a journey extending half way across the continent, I had the gratification of knowing at the end that Nebraska has been more richly rewarded by bountiful crops than any other state through which we passed. While the wheat crop has been uniformly good in all sections, other crops are in certain localities a partial or total failure. Corn through Ohio appeared to be medium, but through Indiana, Illinois and eastern Iowa it is far below the average. Western Iowa and Nebraska, however, have been abundantly blest with a bountiful harvest. Corn is now being harvested here; being fully matured and ripened. To show the abundance of our crop let me illustrate: Mr. T. J. Moshes, a former resident of Jefferson county, Pa., raised a field of oats which yielded 85 bushels an acre; Mr. Meyers a field of wheat that yielded 58 bushels per acre. Corn is yielding 55 to 60 bushels per acre. Wheat is selling at .73, corn .35, oats, .25, rye .45 eggs .20, butter .25.

The Nebraska farmers are happy, and are moving about with smiles across their faces that are gradually widening and spreading until their most intimate friends fail to recognize them. Our crops are not the results of 100 bushels of lime or 200 pounds of bone phosphate at $36 per ton, applied to each acre, but the result of our rich alluvial soil that cannot be worn out for years to come.

I think if some of our Pennsylvania farmers could take a trip out here now and see our western graneries full to overflowing and the herds of fat cattle grazing on the unoccupied prairies they would come to the conclusion that the sage of Chappaqua was not far out of the way when he said: "Go west, etc."

W. H. S.

NOTICE.

On and after this date, September 23, until Nov. 1, I will sell tomb stones and monuments at greatly reduced prices to reduce stock for spring trade. Monuments which I have been selling at $125 reduced to $100; those which were $100 reduced to $80; those which were $80, reduced to $65; and grave stones the same in proportion, those which I sold at $60, reduced to $48; those that were $50 reduced to $38. All first class work warranted. Now is the time to buy monuments and tomb stones as I have more on hand than all the establishments in the county, at the Bellefonte Marble Works.

2sept4t O. M. BEISLER, Prop'r.

No matter what your ailment is, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely benefit you.

For the Reporter.

Claims of the Sunday School.

UPON THE CHURCH.

1. Pastors and Sunday School superintendents should conduct a Bible or teachers' meeting regularly every week for the purpose of studying and preparing the lesson for the Sabbath.

2. Officers and teachers should abandon the presumption that they are wise enough to teach the lesson without such assistance. Non-attendance at such meetings is discouraging to both pastors and superintendents.

3. Pastors should visit the Sunday Schools and exercise a general supervision over them. Pastors are "ex-officio" superintendents of their schools.

4. Church councils should visit the Sunday Schools and promote the religious education of the children of the church.

5. All the members of the church should attend Sunday School regularly. He who joins the church joins the Sunday School also.

6. The members of the church should find the money to carry on the Sunday School. What children give should be applied to benevolence. Some schools don't give anything to missions. Others have a box, but spend all that goes into it on the school. Such schools will hardly ever learn liberality. There is a mistake here that ought to be corrected.

UPON HOME.

1. Parents should consider the temporal wants of their children: Their food, raiment, health, intellect and dicipline, so they may be benefitted by the Sunday School. The parent who should neglect all these things would be worse than an infidel and deny the faith, and the Sabbath School would be of little use to his family.

2. They should consider their spiritual good.

1. Parents should early consecrate them to God in prayer and baptism that they may be good boys and girls in the Sunday School.

2. They should give them an early religious education according to the Holy Scriptures: Take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages. Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is older it will not depart from it. Feed my lambs.

3. They should teach them the Holy Scriptures—particularly to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with their God. Mic. 6:8.

4. They should teach the Catechism, for to teach them the Catechism is to teach them the word of God—the Bible.

5. They should give them a good example—go to Sabbath School themselves. Actions speak louder than words.

3. They should also consider why these things should be done, viz.:

Because children have their natural life from their parents. God has implanted a natural love in the parent for the child—children are a trust committed to parents—parents provide for the children and not the children for the parents. Now the success of the Sunday School depends much upon the parents considering these necessary things.

UPON THE COMMUNITY.

1. The community should consider the benefits of the Sabbath School. The Sunday School prevents poverty, disease, vice and crime, premature death and eternal remorse.

2 They should support the Sabbath Schools. They are worth more to us than poor houses, jails and penitentiaries. The people of any community owe it largely to the Sunday School that their person and property are safe. Whether a man belongs to a church or not, he ought by all means to support the Sabbath School.

J. T.

A HORRIBLE MISHAP ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Steamboat Robert E. Lee Takes Fire and Twenty one of its Passengers Burned to Death.

New Orleans, Sept. 30.—The steamer Robert E. Lee was destroyed by fire 35 miles below Vicksburg early this morning. So far as can be learned twenty-one persons were lost. The clerk in the pilot house showed the hour of half-past three when the dark outlines of Point Pleasant loomed up through the darkness. Just opposite the point the pilot saw a gleam upon the water close by the steamer's side, but he paid no attention, thinking it was a falling spark. A moment later he detected the odor of burning cotton. Before he could open the door to look outside a fireman rushed to the hurricane deck, shouting "Fire!" Almost simultaneously with his appearance a sheet of flame shot up in the air and disappeared. Before the crew could respond to the alarm, and before the force pumps could be set running, the cotton bales were ablaze, the fire having spread with incredible swiftness over the newly painted woodwork to all parts of the boat. The flames spread so rapidly that all thoughts of saving the steamer were abandoned. The chief hope was safety. The pilot sprang back from the wheel house and rang for full speed. The engineer opened the throttles wide. Then began a race with death. The great wheels dashed the water in sheets over the decks, and their roar as they whirled around with the rattle of overstrained machinery, could be heard in the cabin and on shore, even above the roar of the flames. The vessel trembled and shook; window panes fell out in the struggle of wheels and engine. The shouts of men, the screams of women, the cries of children, and the roar of the flames made a scene of the most heart-rending confusion. Men jumped overboard to escape the fire; women became insane with fright and rushed into the burning state rooms only to perish. In the midst of all the confusion and the shrieks of the passengers the pilot held the steamer straight for the Yucatan plantation, and never relinquished his hold upon the wheel until the shore was reached. As many as could save themselves jumped into the water and swam ashore. In a short time the steamer was a mass of ruins.

——REMEMBER DEPARTED FRIENDS.—The praise-worthy custom, now nearly universal, of marking the last resting place of deceased friends with monuments and tomb stones, is an indication of a growing civilization and refinement. A great advance has been made in this matter in the last 30 years. The plain, square marble slab is no longer satisfactory, but fine, costly monuments are becoming more general. Deininger & Musser, of the Millheim Marble Works, can furnish anything in their line as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest. 2t

20 MEN KILLED AND INJURED.

Berlin, Sept. 19.—An explosion of fire damp has occurred in a mine near Dartmund Twenty persons were killed and injured.

—CAUTION. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the following property, which I purchased at Constable's sale, and will leave in possession of the former owner, John W. Gingerich, at my pleasure, viz: 2 mules, 1 spring wagon, set double harness, and 1 load of hay.

5 oct. 3t. SAMUEL FLORY.

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS
OF ADVENTURE.

PIONEER HEROES AND DARING DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fights with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crokett, Bowie, Houston, Custer, Custer, California Joe, Wilde Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Cook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. George ously illustrated with 175 fine engravings of the life AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and best anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO, Philadelphia, Pa. 3aug3m

J. W. CORNELIUS,

Photographer, 316 Market Street, LEWISBURG, Pa.

The best work at moderate prices. All work pertaining to photography finely executed. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention, but must be accompanied with the cash. jun15

SPECIAL EXAMINATION.—There will be a special examination of teachers at Bellefonte, on Saturday, Oct. 7, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

D. M. WOLF, Supt.

A CAT KILLS A CHILD.

Remarkable Circumstances of an Infant's Death.

[Pittsburg Post, Sept. 16.]

Anton Pelatier lives on No. 100 Fourteenth street, South side. On the 4th inst. a child was born to him. Yesterday morning the infant was left asleep in a bed room while its mother prepared breakfast in another apartment. Returning after a while to see the babe Mrs. Pelatier found it dead, and a large black cat crouching on its breast, with its mouth to the child's lips. The entire lower portion of the infant's face was greatly discolored, the lips almost black, the tongue swollen and protruding to the edge of the lips, the nostrils filled with muscous. The first impression was that the child had died from a spasm producing congestion of the capillaries, or blood vessels of the skin. Dr. Thomas was quickly sent for, but said he could do no good, as the child was dead. The father and mother both firmly believed that its death was caused by the cat sucking the breath from it. The mother told the following: "When I got up this morning at a quarter before six o'clock the babe was well and nursed strong. It appeared unusually lively, crowing and playing with its hands. I left it and went down stairs to get my husband's breakfast. As I went down stairs I saw the old black cat that has been coming into our house whenever she got a chance, and I kicked her out at the door. After breakfast was ready my husband came up stairs, got his hat and started out to work. I came up right away and found the cat sitting on the baby's stomach, with its nose down to the child's face. I grabbed the cat and threw it down stairs, and then picked the baby up. I noticed some red splotches on its face, and thought it looked queer, which frightened me, and I laid it down in the crib and ran out and called by husband, who hadn't got out of the yard yet. He came in and said the child was dead."

Mr. Pelatier said this same cat had been coming into the house for some time, and he had thrown it out of the window, kicked it down stairs, whipped it and done everything he could think of to make it stay away, but it wouldn't, and its owners would not kill it because they said it was a lawful cat. He was firmly convinced that it was the cause of the child's death. He thought it was not more than two minutes from the time he left the house until his wife called him, and the cat could not have been on the child's breast more than three or four minutes. As soon as he told the owners of the cat what had been done they killed it. An inquest in this singular case was held by Alderman Sorg, and the jury rendered a verdict that the child's death was caused by the cat depriving it of breath. This is believed to be the first case on record in which an official investigation imparts some degree of credibility to the old superstition about cats sucking the breath of babes, and causing death.

DOCKED FOR LOST TIME.

[Worcester Spy.]

At a certain manufactory in Fall River, where there are a number of young ladies employed, it was determined on their part to present their employer with an album and a large Bible as a testimonial of their regard for him. The money was collected and the purchases made. On the appointed afternoon the girls collected at the office of their employer, and in a neat speech presented him with their offering. The recipient accepted the gifts and thanked the givers in a few choice words. After conversing some time the overseer glanced at the clock and said: "Girls, I think you had better go back to your work now; you have lost three-quarters of an hour already." The girls were taken aback, and feeling much disconcerted went back to their work, but great was their surprise and chagrin when the next payday came around to find that the overseer had "docked" every one of them for the time lost in making the presentation.

MARKETS,

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, 70, 85, and 95.
Rye 70c.
Corn, shelled and ears, per bu. 80
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 40c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 50c. to 75c
Cloverseed,. 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 1,60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour. per bbl $5.00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12½.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14c
Eggs per doz. 20c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

MARRIED.

On 28th Sept., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. A. Mitchell Musser and Miss Catharine L. Graden, both of near Aaronsburg.

August 24, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr Jacob Klinger, of College twp., and Miss Amelia Hoover, of Bellefonte.

On Sept. 20, by same, Mr. J. Milton Sweeny, of Milroy, and Miss Annie L., daughter of J. Henry Keller, of Centre Hall.

DIED.

On 29 ult., in Millheim, after a lingering illness, Mr. John Keen, aged 72 years, 11 months and 7 days. Mr. Keen was an old and well-known citizen of Penn twp. His funeral on Monday was largely attended.

At Linden Hall on 1, Jacob Moyer, aged 80 years, 7 months and 29 days.

Sept. 28th, near Penn Hall, Mrs. Hannah Smith, aged 61 years, 8 months and 13 days.

Sept. 28th, Geo. C. Philips, aged 1 year, and 8 days, son of B. F. Philips, of near Penn Hall.

Every person owning even a small garden spot should set out small fruits, and to know when, how and what to plant send to A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y., for his catalogue, sent free to all applicants; or for 25 cents in stamps will get his 64 page "Small Fruit Instructor." He also publishes a twenty page monthly paper called "The Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardner," price $1.00 per year, or from this time to Dec., 1883, only $1.00. He sends a specimen copy free to all applicants. 14sep3t.

JOHN BLAIR LINN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont.
feb 1f

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Sower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT of Centre County.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Immel, late of Penn twp., deceased The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to report distribution of the funds in the hands of J. H. Reifsnyder, administrator of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment at the office of J. L. Spangler, in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, the 17th Oct., 1882, at 10 a. m., when and where all parties interested may attend. C. P. HEWES,
28sept3t Auditor.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, the undersigned will offer at public sale the real estate of George Carlin, late of Potter twp., dec'd, on Saturday, Oct 14 at 1 o'clock p. m, on the premises, all that certain tract of land situated in Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded by lands of Wm. Potter, Hugh Toner, John Toner and G. W. Silver, containing two acres and 88 perches and allowance.

Term:—One half of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the ballance in one year thereafter with interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. sep21td J. G. CARSON.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of John Dunkle, late of Walker twp., dec'd:

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre county to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Jacob Dunkle, administrator of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, Oct. 9th, 1882, at 10 a. m., when and where all persons having claims are requested to present them and make proof thereof, or forever debarred from coming in said fund.

ELIAS L. ORVIS
22-sep td Auditor.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown' Iron Bitters, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.
JOHN K. ALLEMAN.

Brown's Iron Bitters is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE. The undersigned will expose for sale, at public auction on the premises, on Saturday, October 14th, 1882 at 2 o'clock p. m.: The farm and tract of land known as the "BARNET WAGNER FARM," situated one-half mile east of Centre Hall, Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., containing 311 9-10 acres, of which 214 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the ballance is well timbered with hemlock, pine, oak. A valuable mine of IRON ORE has been opened on same premises by the Penns Valley Mining Co. They have leased ten acres of said premises, which is reserved—the land adjoining shows strong indications of being equally rich in mineral. Sinking Creek runs through said farm besides five springs of hard and soft water are to be found near the buildings. The buildings erected on said farm consist of two dwelling house, barn, sheds and cribs. Also a fine orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

Terms.—One third cash, ballance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage. JOHN B. WAGNER,
MICHAEL STROHM,
Executors of Barnet Wagner, dec'd.

Cal'f Skins, Morocco, Linings, Lasts, Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

LEATHER!

ASK FOR "GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Sarah Lee, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

31aug6t J. T. Lee,
H. D. Lee,
Admr's.

PE-RU-NA

Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results. Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. (In consumption, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself. Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting and combining the active principles of these ingredients into one simple compound, which perfectly coincides with the Vis Medicatrix Naturæ in every disease, and a cure necessarily follows. There is not an organ it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Illust Life," or Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors. For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

MAN-A-LIN

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 25c. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co., 12 Barclay st., New York.

CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address REV. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

Vanan JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS,

No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte Penn'a,

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c.,

Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may18

— DINGES'! —
PLAIN TALK!
TO EVERY BODY.
—o—
READ THIS!!
—o—

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

☞I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of this from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a System of Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

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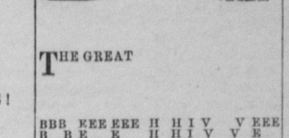

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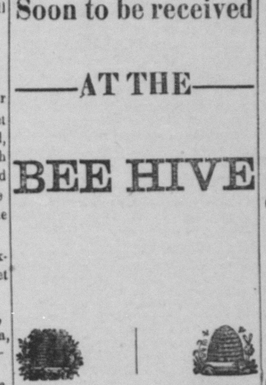

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D. R. STRATFORD

Autumn.

Summer is dead; and the autumn winds weeping,
Wail amid the leaves that lately were green,
And tell how the year is with feeble steps creeping
To join with the numberless years that have been.
When the sunshine was bright, and the birds softly singing,
We dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mien;
We saw not how swiftly the glad hours were winging;
We heard but sweet voices with happiness ringing.

Summer is dead, and the year's hopes are dying,
The hopes that were bright when the spring tide was young;
When we each came with eagerness forth to life's trying,
With step that was firm and a heart that was strong.
And what can we bring as the cause of life's failing?
Was the daylight too dim and the darkness too long?
Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's sailing;
Was the helmsman unnerv'd by the winds and their wailing?

Summer is dead; ay, but springtide is coming,
And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead
Will revive once again when the flowers are blooming,
And the boughs will wave green once more over our head.
Will the hopes then revive that are now swiftly waning?
Will the life come again that is now nearly sped?
Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining?
Ah, that must be left for death's certain explaining.

A BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music lessons.

Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him, as he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of the convenience of having such a thing when you are traveling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the company might inflict if they caught you using it.

He gave it to me in exchange for a bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and Thompson was dreadfully in love with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimmings she wore in church. I stole that, but had to ask her for the hair, and she brought out a whole bundle and said I might trade away the lot if I chose. "Hair wasn't worn much now."

Music was another thing altogether. Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of my father's, and lived at Luckboro,' our market town.

He took a fancy to me—bother me; and actually persuaded my father and mother to let me come over to Luckboro' every market day, with my father, for a lesson in German and music. I didn't mind dining with him first (uncommonly queer messes we had, and lots of jam with them)—but the music was simply disgusting—(in the holidays, too!)—and the lessons generally ended by Finke getting to the piano himself and warbling songs of his Vaterland by the hour. He did so once too often though—and now I have got to my story.

We used to come and go between Mosslands and Luckboro' by omnibus. There was a Mosslands station on the line between Luckboro' and London, but my father never went by it if he could help it. When he did, though I had the key with me I never dare use it, and began to think I had made a bad bargain with Thompson.

One Tuesday, however, last winter, Finke got so carried away by his own sweet singing that he kept on long after I ought to have started to meet my father, and then got so remorseful that I thought he was going to cry; or perhaps want to keep me all night.

"Look here," I said, "it doesn't matter. There's a train that gets in as soon as the 'bus. I can catch it if I run—good-bye!" And off I scudded, one arm in and one arm out of my top-coat, for I was sure he'd object, or want to see me off. I had money, and there was a train which came up long before I had seen all I wanted about the station.

I made a dash at a carriage. It wasn't locked, as I half hoped it might be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the strongest language I ever did hear. The train started and jerked me down into a seat before I'd time to get my breath. I was not used to bad expressions, and my fellow-traveler's remarks made my blood run cold.

There were ladies in the carriage, but he didn't seem to mind that. He had a red, scowling face, with heavy red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All the rest of him was a mass of railway rugs and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat opposite, where I sat scared and speechless, till I caught the eyes of the lady next to him fixed on me.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of coil-lines about it, and wicked, sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like gimlets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I didn't believe he would "twist my neck and chuck me out of the window," as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-needles, in and out of a big gray stocking.

"Hush, Sammy," she said quite sweetly; "the poor child means no harm, and he can easily get out at the next station. Where are you going to, love?"

I could only gape in reply, and she must have thought I was a softy, for she twisted my ticket clean out of my hand before I knew what she was after.

"Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out, Sammy, dear."

Sammy growled an inarticulate response from under his rugs.

The timid passenger had neither spoken or stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug and a blue woolen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed to be asleep in a very uncomfortable attitude.

I sat in the middle, opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable finding her sharp eyes on me while her needle clicked on just the same, that I thought I might as well pretend to go to sleep too. So I curled myself up and gave one or two nods, and then dropped my face on my arm so that she couldn't see it.

Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage curls giving a lurch forward and then backward, once, twice; then a big snore; and then she was off too.

I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that "Sammy" was up to something. He leant forward and peered at her as if to make sure she was quite asleep; then cautiously groped in the seat beside her and hauled up a little black bag. He opened it softly, drew out a silver-topped flask, and closed it just as a jerk of the train roused the old lady. Sammy dived back in his corner; and she sat bolt upright, rubbed her eyes hard, felt suspiciously around till she found the bag, stowed it away behind her and resumed her knitting. Only for a few moments, though; with a weary groan she let stockings, needles and all go down with a run, and dropped back sounder asleep than before.

Then from Sammy's corner came a gurgle—soft and low—many times repeated—then all was quiet.

Now was my time. I began to look about and think what I should do first. Whether I dared get up on the seat and see how the communication with the guard worked and what would happen if I pulled it. If the train stopped I could make off or say it was Sammy. He was half tipsy now and people wouldn't believe him. First of all I went to the window to look out a little. It was pitch dark outside, and all I could see was the reflection of the carriage and of the lady in the blue woolen veil. She was sitting up now and looking intently at me. What an uncomfortable set they were, to be sure!

I look round at her directly. She was very young—younger than Letty, and she's just seventeen and pretty—but so thin and frightened-looking that I felt very unhappy about her.

She fixed her big, bright eyes on me, and put up her finger. "Don't speak," she said, in a clear whisper. "Keep looking out of the window. Can you hear what I am saying?"

I nodded, and she went on, looking at me, and now and then at the old woman.

"If they get me to London I am a dead woman. You are my last chance. Will you help me?"

I nodded very hard indeed, and looked at the communication with the guard. She shook her head.

"No, that's no good. I must get away at the next station. He is safe. Can you stop her from following me?"

I didn't believe I could. I might have thrown a rug over Sammy and sat on him for a minute or two, but that old woman was too much for me. I felt that directly she woke she'd see what I was thinking of, and strangle me before I could stir. The precious minutes were flying—the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom—the girl's big woful eyes were fixed on me in desperate appeal.

"I have friends who will save me if I can but get to them," she panted. "Just one minute's chance—only one—"

All at once I had an idea. A splendid one! "Look at this," I whispered, and held up my railway key. "If I open this door, dare you get out. You can hold on outside until the train stops. Run straight across the down line. There is only a bank and a hedge on the top. Lot of gaps in it nearer the station. There you are on the Luckboro' road. Do you hear?"

I was quite hot and out of breath with whispering all this as plain as I could. She caught every word as fast as I could think it, almost.

What with the feeling of my own cleverness, hatred of that nasty old woman and delight in spiting her, and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could be, and full of ideas as well.

"Give me that," I said, pointing to her blue veil. "They won't see you're gone if I sit here with it tied over my head."

"Oh, no, no! They'll kill you."

"Not them! They can't interfere with me." (I declare, I felt as if I could fight Sammy and a dozen old ladies just then.) "Quick, now or never." I tied the veil over my head and lowered the window as softly as possible. There was no time to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. I unlocked the door. She gave me one look that made me feel braver than ever, and inclined to cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the down line of rails, and that was all—and I was huddled down under the big plaid rug with the old woman, wide awake, standing over me.

"Drat the boy. Sammy, call the porter; he's got out at the wrong side."

"Call-un-yre-self," answered Sammy, all in one word.

She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a cushion of the carriage. "It don't matter if he has broken his neck either," she muttered, "perhaps we'd better make no fuss." The train was off again. I dared not jump up while she was in the way, and thought I must take my chance at the next station.

"Oh! my bones and body!" she groaned, presently. "Oh, what a time it has been! Sammy!"

No answer.

"Sammy!" She was up again and I think she hauled him up and shook him, for something fell with a crash like a broken bottle.

"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got and more too! To play me this trick? Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!"

It sounded as if she were banging his head against against the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out of the window for a short time, and then replied, slowly and impressively:

"Now, look here, old woman. None of your nonsense. When he's wanted, Samuel Nixon is all there. And no man alive can say he isn't," he went on solemnly, holding carefully on to one word till he was sure of the next. "As to this business, I ask you—is it mine or is it yours? Now, then?"

"Yours, I should think; as it's your wife who is giving us all this trouble. I wish I'd left you to fight it out yourselves."

"Stop this," said Sammy, who was talking himself sober and consequently savage. "I'll not have it put upon me. I didn't want to marry her; that was your doing, and I don't want to make away with her; that's your doing, and if it's a hanging matter, I'm not the one to swing for it."

"Heaven forgive you, Sammy," said the old woman, evidently horribly scared. "Don't ye talk that way to your poor old mother—don't. If the poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend—the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her."

Here she sniffled a little. Sammy gave a sort of derisive growl.

"And as to her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry somebody, sometime, left all alone in the world with her good looks and her fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now. There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket or a notion where to find one; and there was she without a relation or friend to interfere with you—as simple as a baby—not a creature to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to lose such a chance. Of course, I wanted to see my handsome lad as good a gentleman as the best of them." The old woman seemed to be talking on and on purposely, like telling a rigmarole to a child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.

"Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do! You can talk black white when it pleases you."

"It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my bended knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country side was ringing with it. You know it, and others knew it. And I can tell you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been found dead in her bed, as I expected every morning of my life to hear, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up before the coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have swung for it then, I'd like to know?"

The brute was mastered. I heard him shuffling his feet about uneasily; then, in a maudlin whisper: "It was drink, nothing else, and her aggravating, winning ways. Don't be hard on me, old woman, I'm sure I've given in handsome to all your plans."

"Because you couldn't help yourself, you fool. Now you see what it is to have your poor old mother to turn to. Your wife may talk as much as she pleases now. Who'll believe her when we've got it written down by two grand London doctors that she's as mad as mad can be? Who's to mind her talk, or any one else's? Aren't we taking her up to London just for the good of her health, to a nice safe place where she will be well looked after and kept from getting herself and the other folks into any more trouble? Then you and me will go back, Sammy, and live as happy and comfortable as you please."

"They will treat her like a lady—eh, mother?"

"Of course they will; a beautiful place and the best of living. Bless you, she'll be happy as the day is long. It does you credit being so tender-hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't abide seeing her storming and raving as she did last night, so I just gave her a little sup of something before we started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman—where she's going, you know—he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkerchief, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the lookout for us with his carriage, and before she knows it there she'll be as snug as you please."

This was awful!

What shall I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with? I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes—the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.

A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.

"Tickets, please."

I made one plunge. I flung the rug clear over the old woman, dashed my arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong out into the arms of the astonished ticket-collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down—down—into an unfathomable depth of darkness!

"Hullo! old fellow. Better now?" were the first words I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stooping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice, soft sealskin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraphed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house in London where they were staying.

I can't remember much after that. I was ill for many weeks, I believe. I tried to tell people what had happened, but no one would listen. They try even now to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil.

I've had no more music lessons since, that's one good thing.

The railway key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door.

That's all.—*Argosy.*

Life in a Montana Frontier Town.

The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town is from E. V. Smalley's paper on "The New Northwest," in the *Century:*

The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly-clad men gather around the doors of the drinking saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest and strides off, her moccasined feet toeing inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bedquilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them piazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first they would have gone away without buying.

A Burning Lake.

There is in Russia a fountain of naphtha which has formed a lake four miles long by over a mile wide, and two feet deep. This sheet of inflammable oil recently took fire, including the central fount, and the effect was most imposing. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet, and it was feared that the flames would explode the subterranean sources. Even the earth saturated with oil was on fire, but no explosion occurred. The heat was intolerable except at a distance of 1,000 yards from the edge of the fire, and the trees and buildings within three miles of it were coated with a thick layer of soot.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES

At the New York Republican State convention in Saratoga the Stalwarts through General Sharpe presented as their candidate for temporary chairman ex-State Senator Madden, while the anti-Administration men through United States Senator Warner Miller nominated State Senator E. L. Pitts. Mr. Madden was chosen by a vote of 251 to 243. Judge Folger, Governor Cornell, Congressman Wadsworth, John H. Starin and General Robinson were nominated for governor, the name of Walter A. Wood being withdrawn from the contest. The first ballot resulted in 223 votes for Folger, 180 for Cornell, 69 for Wadsworth, 19 for Starin and 6 for Robinson. Necessary to a choice, 249. On the second ballot, Folger received 257 votes, Cornell 222 and Wadsworth 18. On motion of Senator Miller the nomination of Judge Folger was made unanimous.

The Massachusetts Republicans in State convention at Worcester nominated Robert R. Bishop for governor, Oliver Ames for lieutenant-governor, Henry B. Pierce for secretary of state, Daniel A. Gleason for treasurer, Charles R. Ladd for auditor and E. J. Sherman for attorney-general.

At the Connecticut Republican State convention in New Haven the following ticket was nominated by acclamation: For governor, General William H. Bulkeley; lieutenant-governor, John D. Candee; secretary of state, S. T. Stanton; treasurer, Julius Converse; comptroller, Frank D. Sloat.

The general conference of the Seventh Day Baptists of America held its annual session in Ashaway, R. I., with Professor A. R. Crandall, of the University of Kentucky, as president.

The full New York Republican State ticket nominated at Saratoga is as follows: For governor, Charles J. Folger; for lieutenant-governor, B. Platt Carpenter; for chief justice of the court of appeals, Charles Andrews; for congressman-at-large, A. Barton Hepburn.

A special commission appointed last winter to investigate charges of malfeasance in office preferred against the Rev. B. G. Northrop, secretary of the Connecticut State board of education, has made a report. It finds that there were violations of law in the expenditure of the funds, but nothing dishonest, and that he had not, as charged, received any benefit from the approval of educational publications.

At the New York State Democratic convention in Syracuse the claims of the various factions from New York city were settled by granting to the County Democracy thirty-eight seats, Tammany Hall twenty-four seats and Irving Hall ten seats. Lester B. Faulkner presided. On the fourth ballot Grover Cleveland, mayor of Buffalo, was nominated for governor, receiving 211 votes against 156 for General Henry W. Slocum and fifteen for Congressman Roswell P. Flower; necessary to a choice, 193. This result was attained by the united delegations from New York city going over to Cleveland on the third ballot. David B. Hill, mayor of Elmira, was nominated for lieutenant-governor on a rising vote, as was also General Henry W. Slocum, of Brooklyn, for Congressman-at-large. William C. Ruger, of Syracuse, was nominated on the first ballot for chief judge of the court of appeals, receiving 210 votes, against 163 for Rufus W. Peckham. On the State committee New York city now is represented by two members—John Kelly and Augustus Schell—Irving Hall by one member, and the County Democracy by the remaining four members.

At Buffalo Mrs. James Benson, while in a delirium from fever, left her bed, and taking her youngest child, a boy two years old, drowned herself and him in a cistern.

A delayed Harlem railroad train was standing in the Fourth avenue tunnel in New York, when it was run into from the rear by another train with such terrific force that two passenger cars were completely wrecked. Madame Aubert, a teacher, was instantly killed; William Howe, a bookkeeper, died soon after of his injuries, and twenty-one other persons were hurt, several of them with probably fatal effect.

The recent three-days' rain storm which prevailed in many parts of the Eastern and Middle States was the heaviest that had visited this section of the country in many years and did an enormous amount of damage to property of all kinds, more particularly in New Jersey. In New York city there was a rainfall to the extraordinary depth of six inches. Mementos of the great storm were scattered over the Atlantic slope from New England to the Carolinas, and its ravages extended far into the interior. Small creeks became raging torrents, streets and houses were flooded, railroads were washed out in many places, trains and mails were delayed and some lives were lost. The aggregate damage throughout the country is to be reckoned by millions. At Plainfield, N. J., a bridge that was crowded with people, watching the progress of the flood, suddenly gave way and nearly fifty persons fell into the stream. Two or three were reported missing and many others were injured.

Alonzo Follett, a prominent New York commercial paper broker, has failed, his total indebtedness being variously estimated at from $400,000 to $1,000,000.

During a dense fog the steamship Edam, of the Netherlands-American Steam Navigation company, from New York bound for Rotterdam, was run down and sunk at sea by the British steamship Lepanto, bound for New York from Hull. Two of the engineers of the Edam were killed by the collision. The passengers and crew of the wrecked vessel were brought to New York by the Lepanto. The Edam was valued at about $300,000 and carried a general cargo of 3,000 tons.

James Wall, age eighteen, James Conway, age sixteen, William Dugan, age twenty-five, and James Stewart, of Buffalo, N. Y., went upon Lake Erie for a sail. When about ten miles from shore a squall upset the boat and Wall, Conway and Dugan were drowned. Stewart paddled the boat ashore in twelve hours.

A salute was being fired on Governor's Island, New York harbor, in honor of a French frigate, when two thirty-two pound cannon were prematurely discharged. Four of the cannoneers were terribly injured, each having an arm torn from its socket. Private Malli died in ten minutes; Private Whelan succumbed to his injuries soon after; Private Sidner received probably fatal injuries, and Private Clunis lost his left arm.

At Philadelphia the Franklin sugar refinery, an immense brick structure, has been partly destroyed by fire; loss about $1,000,000.

A cave in at the Dodson mine, Wilkesbarre, Pa., caused an explosion of fire damp, which killed two men and fatally injured a third; and on the same day a heavy fall of roof coal in the Kingsland mine at Lonaconing, Md., killed one miner and seriously injured three others.

Two farm hands at Centre Square, Pa., died from the effects of eating toadstools for mushrooms.

The wholesale dry goods house of Wellington Brothers & Co., of Boston, has suspended, with liabilities aggregating about $700,000.

The factory of Messrs. Maltby, Stevens & Curtiss, manufacturers of plated and cocoanut wares at Birmingham, Conn., has been destroyed by fire. The total loss on the building, stock and machinery is $150,000.

Captain Joseph W. Collins, of Gloucester, Mass., has returned from a trip to the edge of the Gulf stream in search of tile fish in the interest of the United States fish commission. The trip resulted in the discovery of a new food fish, believed to be of great value.

Joshua P. B. Eddy, a Philadelphia colored minister, eighty-four years old, died there the other day in the midst of squalor and apparent poverty. Upon investigation it was found that he possessed property worth more than $100,000. He owned thirty-seven houses in different parts of the city, nine in Camden, two farms in New Jersey and other property.

SOUTH AND WEST.

At Pensacola, Fla., yellow fever is reported to be largely on the increase, many new cases occurring daily.

James B. Grant has been nominated for governor by the Colorado Democrats.

At the national convention of the Anti-Horse-Thief association held in Palmyra, Mo., delegates representing more than 200 lodges attended.

Jack Chatman (colored) was hanged at Belleview, La., for the murder of another colored man named Williams. Jealousy and a desire for revenge prompted the deed.

A terrible six-sided duel, in which four men lost their lives, is reported in the following dispatch from Denver, Col.: "George Howard, owner of a herd of 3,000 cattle, and John Keeley, owner of a herd of 4,000, were driving eastward in company from Arizona North of Trinidad, Col., on the plains, the two herds were to separate. Howard was to take the old Santa Fe trail to Kansas City and Keeley was to drive northward to Denver. On the route accidental changes of cattle had been made, and Howard insisted on having his stock taken out, but was unwilling to deliver Keeley's and it was finally agreed to settle the matter by a battle between six picked men from each party. Accordingly twelve men arranged themselves on horseback—the two sides fifty feet apart—and at a signal from their employers the fight was to begin. At the first fire four men were instantly killed. George Lester, of Keeley's party, was shot through the breast. One of Howard's men fell with a ball through his head, and two others of the same party were shot through the heart. Dismayed, the Howard party, with the exception of their employer, fled to their camp. Keeley then rode up to Howard and proposed that they should fight it out. Howard declined, saying that he understood the matter to have been settled according to the terms of battle made beforehand. An equitable exchange of cattle was then made. The dead were buried by the other men from both parties, and the drovers, with their herds in charge, separated for their respective routes."

Heavy frosts have occurred in various sections of the Northwest.

A fire at Susanville, Cal., destroyed the buildings of two entire business blocks, causing an estimated loss of $150,000.

Stephen Day, age seventy, secreted $73,000, the savings of a lifetime, in a tin box in his house at Mount Holly, Ohio. In the temporary absence of himself and wife some unknown person entered the house and stole the contents of the box.

Yellow fever reports from Brownsville, Texas, show that up to the 23d there had been a total of 1,870 cases and 103 deaths. At Pensacola, Fla., there had been 344 cases and forty-one deaths.

As a train conveying a circus was coming round a curve near Point Lick, Ky., the fourth car jumped the track and rolled down an embankment, followed by fifteen other cars. Three men were instantly killed; three were probably fatally injured, and seven or eight others were seriously wounded. Two of the killed were employes of the circus, and the third was a boy who was stealing a ride. A cage containing a tiger broke open and the animal jumped out, but was captured before he had done any injury.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Observations of the newly discovered comet made at Washington tend to confirm its identity with the comet of 1843 and 1880.

The secretary of the interior the other day made about 200 appointments in the pension office. No further appointments will be made in that office.

Up to the present time the moneyed value of donations to the Garfield Memorial Hospital fund amount to about $80,000.

A formal reception was tendered to Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette, in the Masonic hall, Washington. The hall was crowded, and Mr. Thompson, ex-secretary of the navy, made an address, at the conclusion of which Engineer Melville, Lieutenants Berry and Danenhower, and Ninderman and Noros took their stand at the foot of the platform and received the greetings of the audience, while the band played Russian and American national airs.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In Concordia, Mexico, five persons were killed in a church which was struck by lightning. A number of other persons were seriously injured in the rush to escape.

General Wolseley issued an address to his soldiers congratulating them upon their success in Egypt.

Abdellal Pacha, the commander of Damietta, Egypt, was shot by his own troops for refusing to surrender to the English.

A German Catholic priest charged with libeling Prince Bismarck in an article has been fined 200 marks.

It having been reported that the leaders of the Albanian league at Scutari had resolved to massacre and rob the richest of the Christians, including the English consul, two hill tribes marched to Scutari to protect their co-religionists, thereby preventing a massacre.

The boiler of the ferry steamer Richelieu exploded at Lachine, Quebec, with terrible effect. Captain Duquette was blown thirty feet in the air and fell dead on the deck. His son Pierre was blown overboard and drowned. James Richardson and Parsons Amyot, both passengers, were scalded to death. Seven more passengers were scalded with probably fatal results, and others were injured more or less dangerously.

A fire which lasted several days destroyed the greater part of the town of Kashin, Russia.

An examination of the Egyptian treasury shows that about $1,600,000 were taken by Arabi Pasha.

Floods in the Tyrol caused a large loss of life and destroyed much property. Twenty-six bodies were recovered.

Commander Rawson, who was specially promoted for bravery at the battle of Tel el Kebir, in which he was wounded, died from the effects of his wound.

The exhibition building at Sydney, New South Wales, has been totally destroyed by fire, with all its contents. The loss is about $2,500,000.

Baron Tenterden, British permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs, and formerly British agent for the Geneva conference, is dead.

Patrick Walsh was hanged at Galway, Ireland, for the murder of Martin Lyden. Walsh protested his innocence and insisted that a witness had sworn falsely. When the black flag in the prison was hoisted the convict's mother, who was in the crowd outside, gave way to wailing and refused to leave the spot. Her friends also joined in the melancholy cries. A large guard of soldiers were on the ground.

The rebellion in Ecuador, South America, is still in progress.

It is officially announced that General Wolseley and Admiral Seymour will be raised to the peerage in acknowledgment of their recent services in Egypt.

While a mixed train was crossing the river Drave, near Eszek, in Austro-Hungary, a part of the bridge fell in and the engine and baggage cars were pitched into the river, dragging with them some of the passenger cars containing a number of Hussars on a furlough. Thirty soldiers were drowned and many others were injured.

A dispatch from Armagh, Ireland, says that eight men charged with treason-felony, four of whom had only recently been liberated from Kilmainham jail, have been remanded. It is understood that the crown has obtained evidence from an informer, who made extraordinary revelations in regard to the existence of a widespread conspiracy.

Fifty Irish families have been evicted in the barony of Erris and the people have been ordered not to shelter them.

Mr. Gladstone reiterates the declaration that he is unable to interfere with the operations of the Mormons in England, as he presumes that their converts go with them willingly.

Smallpox is spreading at Cape Town, South Africa. Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, has arrived there from England.

A telegram from Tunis reports that near Kairwan recently, a band of maranders attacked a party of sixty horsemen belonging to the French topographical expedition. The French commander was killed and seven of his men were disabled. The brigands lost thirty killed and fifty wounded.

Drinking Saloons and Population.

	Inhabitants.		Inhabitants.
Nevada, one saloon to every	65	New Hampshire, one saloon to every	376
Colorado	76	Iowa	317
California	99	Indiana	380
Oregon	170	Kentucky	438
New Jersey	179	Nebraska	487
New York	192	Tennessee	522
Louisiana	200	Texas	549
Ohio	225	Arkansas	554
Connecticut	235	Alabama	608
Massachusetts	245	Georgia	612
Delaware	252	Florida	633
Pennsylvania	263	Mississippi	654
Rhode Island	266	Virginia	693
Illinois	287	North Carolina	768
Maryland	293	Maine	791
Wisconsin	304	Vermont	812
Minnesota	331	West Virginia	837
Missouri	337	Kansas	870
Michigan	350	South Carolina	990

The Elections of 1882.

Alabama elected Democratic State officers and legislature August 7; will elect congressmen November 7.

Arkansas elected Democratic State officers and legislature September 4; will elect congressmen November 7.

California will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Colorado will elect State officers, legislature and congressman November 7.

Connecticut will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Delaware will elect governor, legislature and congressman November 7.

Florida will elect legislature and congressman November 7.

Georgia will elect State officers and legislature October 4; congressmen November 7.

Illinois will elect treasurer, superintendent of instruction, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Indiana will elect minor State officers, supreme judges, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Iowa adopted a prohibitory amendment June 27; will elect minor State officers and congressmen November 7.

Kansas will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Kentucky elected Democratic clerk of the State court of appeals August 7; will elect congressmen November 7.

Louisiana will elect congressmen November 7.

Maine elected Republican governor, legislature and congressmen September 11.

Maryland will elect State judges and congressmen November 7.

Massachusetts will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Michigan will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Minnesota will elect legislature and congressmen November 7.

Mississippi will elect congressmen November 7.

Missouri will elect minor State officers, legislature and congressmen, and vote upon an amendment concerning the State judiciary November 7.

Nebraska will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen, and vote upon a woman's suffrage amendment November 7.

Nevada will elect State officers, legislature and congressman November 7.

New Hampshire will elect governor, railroad commissioners, legislature and congressmen November 7.

New Jersey will elect legislature and congressmen November 7.

New York will elect governor, lieutenant-governor, chief judge of the court of appeals, assembly and congressmen, and vote upon amendments making the canals free, and providing for the election of additional supreme justices November 7.

North Carolina will elect associate judge of the State supreme court, six superior court judges, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Ohio will elect minor State officers and congressmen October 10.

Oregon elected Republican State officers, legislature and congressman June 5.

Pennsylvania will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Rhode Island elected Republican State officers and legislature April 5; will elect congressmen November 7.

South Carolina will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Tennessee rejected a proposition to hold a constitutional convention August 3; will elect governor, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Texas will elect State officers, legislature and congressmen November 7.

Vermont elected Republican State officers, legislature and congressmen September 5.

Virginia will elect congressmen November 7.

West Virginia will elect judge of the supreme court of appeals to fill a vacancy, legislature and congressmen October 10.

Wisconsin will elect legislature and congressmen November 7, and vote upon amendments relating to residence and registration of voters and the election of county officers, and providing that general elections of State and county officers, except judicial, shall be held biennially in the even years after 1884, those who were chosen in 1881 to hold over until 1885 if the amendment is adopted.

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women.

The attendance of young ladies at the Harvard Annex promises to be greatly increased this year.

Mrs. Harriet Bushnell has bequeathed eight thousand dollars, her whole estate, to the poor widows of Lincoln, Ill.

The Society of Arts at Geneva, at its annual meeting, has resolved that, in future, ladies may be admitted as members of the society.

A pretty girl of eighteen, neat in dress and polite in manner, is a bootblack in Galveston. She has a chair at a street corner, and makes $3 to $6 a day.

Miss Louise S. Baker has supplied the pulpit of the Congregational church at Nantucket for two seasons. She left a lucrative position as teacher to engage in this work.

The lady newspaper correspondents who make Washington their fruitful field of operations have organized a press club and will endeavor to have galleries in the Senate and House set apart for their special use.

Mesdames Clotilde H. Wendell and Nancy D. Taylor, of Atchison, Kansas, have just received letters patent for a valuable improvement in tag-fasteners. It is considered by merchants and others the best they have seen.

New Orleans is to have the honor of being the first city in the Union to erect a monument to a woman. The person to be thus honored is Margaret Houghery, the recently deceased benefactress of the orphan asylums of that city.

Mrs. Richards, who has been in Wisconsin organizing woman suffrage clubs, says that her greatest opposition comes from young unmarried women who imagine that men will not like them so well if they advocate the woman suffrage cause.

Miss Emma L. Crabtree of Lynn, Mass., has been devoting herself for a series of years to the study of electricity and kindred subjects; and, as an electrician, has already shown superior knowledge and ability. She has devised and perfected various pieces of scientific apparatus and has manifested great mechanical ingenuity in this direction. She is a graduate of Salem Normal school.

The publishers of a German novel scored a hit recently in the line of advertising. They had inserted in most of the papers a notice stating that a certain nobleman of means, anxious to obtain a wife, wanted one who resembled the description of the heroine in the novel named. Of course every marriageable woman who saw this announcement bought the novel to see how much she resembled the imaginary beauty referred to.

Fashion Notes.

Redingotes and polonaises in various forms are very fashionable.

Plaid materials are again in high favor, but not in bright colors.

Ivory white dresses with gold braid trimmings are a fancy at present.

Two shades of smalt blue are frequently combined in one hat or bonnet.

Scarlet hussar jackets, embroidered with gold soutache, are worn in Paris.

Velvet skirts with plain silk and woolen overdresses will be much worn.

Brides will wear undressed kid gloves with loose buttonless wrists this season.

A golden brown shade called *avanturine* combines beautifully with ficelle gray.

Ruffs, ruches and fraises for the neck are full, high and very handsome.

Long silk mousquetaire gloves take precedence of all others at the moment.

Gold soutache embroidery appears on a few red and blue all-wool costumes.

The broader the rep of silk or woolen goods the more fashionable is the fabric.

Deep chicorees or ruches around the bottom of skirts are the fancy of the moment.

Even hats, gloves and shoes are adorned with bead, tinsel and silk embroideries.

New and singular shades of color appear from day to day among the new fall goods.

The favorite dress of the English woman this fall is of rifle green cloth, tailor made.

Black and white wool, known as shepherd's check, promises to be a very popular fabric for braided costumes.

Glacier Accidents in Switzerland.

Glacier accidents generally arise from falls into rifts hidden under a layer of snow. In the summer of 1629, the day being Tuesday, as three men of Lenk—Jacob Trachsel, Peter Blatter and another—were crossing the Wildhorngletcher on their way home, Blatter had the ill-luck to fall into a concealed crevasse. Though not so badly hurt that he could not call out, he was too far down to be helped up without ropes. So it was agreed that Trachsel should remain by the crevasse, while the third man, whose name the record has not reserved, went to the nearest habitation for ropes and help. When he returned Trachsel had disappeared, and the rift into which Blatter had fallen could not be found. The third man and the men he had brought with him after searching and shouting until far into the night gave up Blatter for lost, and went away without the least hope that they should see him again. But, to the unspeakable surprise and almost consternation of his neighbors, he turned up two days later at his own house, not much the worse, seemingly, for his adventure. How he escaped is not mentioned, probably by running down one of the water courses, which run under every glacier, to daylight.

Jacob Trachsel, who had left his post on the crevasse simply because he was weary of waiting, was tried at Lenk for deserting his companion. Being convicted of "faithlessness" he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment and to do the Herdfall, which signified asking pardon publicly of God and man on bended knees for the sin he had committed.

In July, 1787, a similar accident befell Christian Bohrer, of Grindelwald. As he crossed the upper Grindelwald glacier toward the Mettenberg a snow avalanche threw him into a crevasse seventy feet deep. Though his arm was broken and his wrist dislocated in the fall, he managed to work his way under the glacier to the stream at its base, and after a desperate struggle of two days he succeeded in escaping from his icy prison.

The *Naturgeschichte des Schweizerlandes* tells of a very unpleas